

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1069 JANUARY 1955

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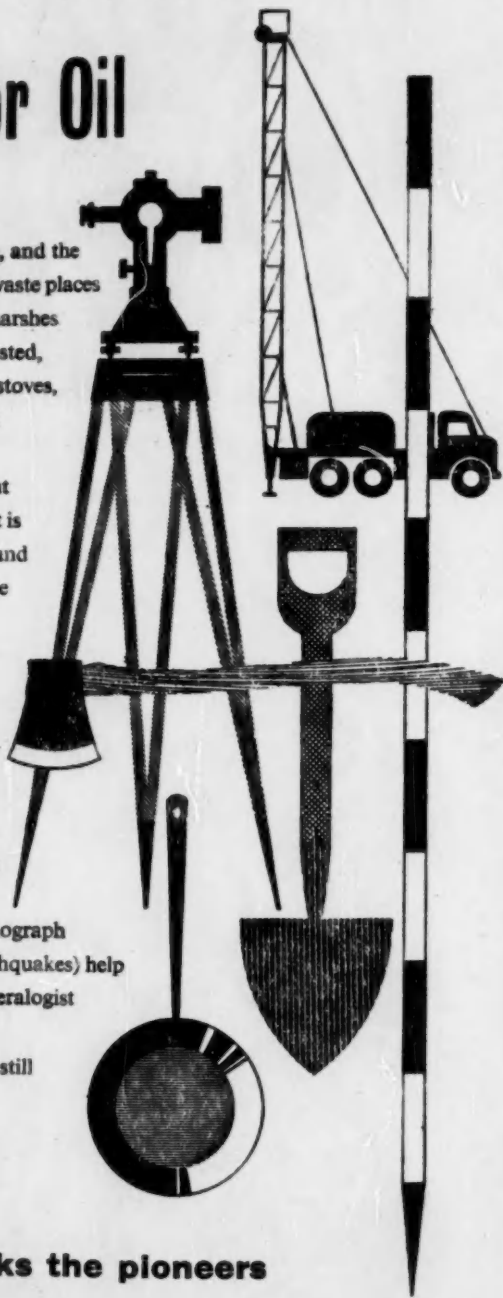
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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW and THE FORTNIGHTLY will have learnt that it has been decided to discontinue the latter as a separate publication and as from January 1955 to incorporate it in the former magazine under the title CONTEMPORARY REVIEW incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY.

For nearly 100 years these two magazines have appeared simultaneously and have established themselves in the forefront of British journalism. The combined journal, edited by Dr. G. P. Gooch, C.H., F.B.A. will seek to maintain the acknowledged high standard to which readers of both magazines have for long been accustomed.

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WHITE MAN'S HOUR OF FATE

REDUCING our present fears and struggles to a somewhat simplified formula, they result from Man's incapacity of assimilating his feelings to his reasoning. In politics, this means a reluctance of giving up old, nationally, racially, or even regionally tied habits of thinking, seeing and organizing one's "World", although events and momentous developments clearly indicate the necessity of conjoining in much larger, much less homogeneous communities; for the previous, smaller ones, are visibly unable to survive if jealously preserving their "sovereignties". In ethics, this means the further diminishing of a congenitally weak sense of proportion, the over-emphasizing of particular religious, moral and traditional values of the smaller community as compared with those of its equals, all alike in need of ties that could bind them together, and that would, consequently, have to be the prime consideration everywhere.

Yet, when a house burns, the neighbours do not, first, establish each other's political, religious, or regional membership, before joining hands in an effort to quench the fire. They do not insist on having, each one by himself, his own kind of bucket or hose, but automatically form a team. The attempt at doing so within a shadowy but in fact very real comity of Nations has been made again and again in the course of history, whenever a conflagration menaced it with extinction: in the 15th-century under King Podiebrad of Bohemia against Europe's invasion by the Turks, at the end of the 16th by Sully's "Grand Dessein" for preventing its domination by the Hapsburg dynasty, in the Holy Alliance after Napoleon's downfall, by the League of Nations under the impact of the First World War and, first by the United Nations and, since Soviet Russia showed its hand, by NATO, after the Second World War brought civilization to the verge of collapse. The success, in all previous cases, was frustrated only by the subsequent fading of the thread or the dulling familiarity with it, notably, when its dreaded consequences failed to materialize. That, exactly, seems our position at the moment.

But is it so? We may, if only for argument's sake, consider what used to be the German Question as solved, whether by Dr. Adenauer's wise statesmanship (including a dexterous roping in of potentially dangerous reactionary and nationalist elements), or by E.D.C. and similar arrangements for making sure of Germany's being welded into the western camp. We may feel convinced that Soviet Russia and her ideologically or forcibly conjoined associates fear a third, thermo-nuclear, World War as much as we do and will not go beyond the Cold War, with occasional hot skirmishes at their fringes which Moscow, officially unengaged, can stop with a whistle when a stalemate, or a regional success, has been reached. We may be in doubt as to whether the more drastic American policy of "containment" or a more diplomatic approach to that permanent threat is appropriate. Yet, all such premises conceded, the western perspective of the present development seems to neglect one, perhaps *the* decisive issue: the rising of the coloured races.

It started exactly half a century ago, 1905, when a white nation, Tsarist Russia, was beaten by a yellow one, Japan. It was, injudiciously, fanned by the employment of coloured troops, by white against white nations,

in World War No. 1; and ever since, the white man, the Sahib, the Master, has lost his former well-nigh godlike authority. What ought to have been and, by humanitarian, sensible and liberal authorities was meant to be, a systematic education and development aiming at responsible self-destination of the backward races, was turned into a revolution. But for the lack of material means it would, probably long ago, have turned into an all-out assault upon the white race as such, by a coloured world four times its own combined numerical strength. This assault now is prepared, fostered and subsidized by an otherwise shrewd and clever Kremlin; shortsighted and stupid in that it overlooks in its hidebound pursuit of "ideological" aims tabulated by Lenin and Stalin and rattled off by the preachers of dialectical materialism, the inevitable boomerang effect of preaching it to backward coloured people. For Russia herself, jealous precisely of that and of the consequent absolute domination of her own "minor" races, is in its bulk one of the white nations—the most exposed of all, with about 180 million of whites surrounded by 1,500 million of Asiatics, and for most of these the very prototype of the "long-nosed devils".

In theory Bolshevism proclaims the equality of all, at least all proletarian, men. It shows a few well trained Asiatics from among its Siberian tribes, in high positions; but woe to the group, or even the national unit within the allegedly federated U.S.S.R. that tries to lay claim to an equal part in her government: but recently three of them have vanished completely from the Soviet map, their populations destroyed or deported wholesale to safe parts of Siberia. The reprisal, not merely for such "ethnocide" misdeeds, but for the whole Russian past with its stamping out of Asiatic nations and their individuality, from Jermak's 1581 campaign beyond the Ural, the conquest of Bukhara and Khiva, to the annexation of Tanno-Tuva and of Chinese lands in Mongolia, the occupation of Port Arthur and transgressions in Sinkiang, Russians have to account for an Imperialism in respect of coloured races no less but more ruthless and wholesale than that of most, perhaps all of the other white nations. In an all-out settlement of such accounts—which Moscow fosters by exploitation of the fermenting nationalism in all backward countries—it might find itself easily the attacked, instead of the wire-puller of the assault.

So far that assault takes place only in unconjoined, regional revolts, colonial wars and racial contests. Its fires burn, or burned, in Malaya, Indochina, Kenya, North Africa, Central America; smoulder in South and West Africa, Arabian countries, in the Malay Archipelago and parts of South America. But worse than their immediate consequences, which still can be overcome by means of power and politics, is their effect upon the European conscience which no longer feels empowered to exercise restraint by such means, however strongly reason seems to demand it in the interest of the backward nations themselves as well as of the "civilized" world. The different graduations of such feelings account for a good deal of the misapprehension that recently prevailed between the U.S.A. and their European allies, and of the difficulties in dealing with topical conflicts, such as between Britain and Persia, Britain and Egypt, France and her colonies. It is a commonplace that nothing but an

acute danger in common can bridge a difference of approach or of hereditary principle between nations; and as yet the revolt of the coloured races is not, or does not seem, such a danger for our whole white, originally European, Greco-Roman and Christian civilization. Thus, only people living under a permanent, palpable danger themselves, may sense its approach, may feel it with an awareness stimulated by their own sword of Damocles.

The author some weeks ago dealt with this subject before a German audience of over 1,500, in one of the famous "Mittwochsgesprache" in Cologne's main station; an audience embracing all sectors of the population, from the highest civil servants, politicians, scientists, journalists, and former soldiers to the charwoman and the messenger boy, and some foreign and coloured students too. Their reaction was remarkably positive, and their questions as to the ways and means of averting that world catastrophe most pertinent. The answer can, at present, be but a somewhat superficial one: Close the ranks, and open the doors and the hearts, for there is no "inferior" race. There are only backward ones, and it may be our fault that, exploited, enslaved, decimated at first, then, forcibly or by persuasion and bribery, estranged from their own beliefs and ways of life, they now do not see the benefits they derived, even so, from the white man's intrusion, but mainly the gaps left, the wealth reaped by the intruder.

Yet those benefits were, if not always equal, at least reciprocal. The leaders of the coloured world in their struggle for independence themselves are proof of that. Men like Nehru, Chou En-lai and Ho Chi-minh, Colonel Nasser, Nkrumah and Jagan are products of European or American civilization, and no kaddah or loin-cloth conceals it. The shaman and the medicine-man mark, to-day, the pace of the coloured world no more than does the conquistador or the financial tycoon that of the white world; it is the Booker Washington and the Ralph Bunche on the one, the Albert Schweitzer, Frithjof Nansen, Sir Alexander Fleming and the like on the other side who do so, precisely because they are unaware of such a role. Professors are valiantly striving after the formula which might catalyze the fundamental streams of life in worlds developed from totally different pre-conditions and necessities into a harmonious one. But neither Toynbee's grafting of Buddhism upon Christianity, nor Jakob Burckhardt's condemnation of power as the evil itself (accepted e.g. by Germany's great historian Friedrich Meinecke under the impact of the recent war, shortly before his death) and thus placing civilization high above the State, liberty of expression above patriotism, let alone that queer contradiction of our times' material dynamism, the morbid, self-dissecting existentialism, are likely to reconcile poor and backward nations with the white man's claim of world leadership.

Natural and willed by Fate as it may appear: for it is in the last instance the result of Europe's geographical and climatic conditions, of her coastline deeply indented by the sea inviting exchange of men, goods and ideas, her rich and variegated lands under a benevolent sky which advance the white man's world far beyond the contemporary accomplishments in other continents. So far that Hybris now seems to present us with the bill. It is, more often than not, written by hands unable to master the

elements of spelling and which, but for our lack of foresight and wisdom, might have undergone a few more decades of training in order to conciliate their urges with their perception of their obligations towards the whole human community. It turns against what Eduard Spranger described as "Capital Colonialism" of American description as much as against the original and the modern variety: subservience as mere objects of exploitation, and mere guardianship with a view to a slow, systematic coming of age. It operates within seemingly sovereign countries, such as Persia, Egypt and Indonesia no less than in still, or previously, colonial ones on their way to complete self-reliance under the most progressive scheme so far devised by the white man, that of the British Commonwealth of an ultimately free, co-operative community of white and coloured nations.

It is overshadowed by and, systematically if foolishly, intermingled with the seemingly dominant conflict of our days, that between the individualist-capitalist and the collectivist world. That above all has blinded us to its urgency and world-wide portentousness. It needs no Spenglerian theory of rotating Imperial civilizations to acknowledge it and to visualize the ultimate consequences, for our material conditions, our safety, our very existence. It may still be time to canalize and tame the elementary forces now chafing the foundations of the white man's world, simultaneously and separately, at many points of the globe. But it needs the full realization of two essential premises for any promising attempt at that salvation:

(i) Complete unity and unanimity of all white nations under that threat as to their attitude in respect of and their way of dealing with the coloured world, and

(ii) Giving up the naively preserved, egocentric ideal characteristic of all previous stages of a European-American world domination while conceding the full equivalence of totally different civilizations evolved upon different soil, traditions and experiences, hitherto treated, at best, with a patriarchal or magisterial presumption.

It may be—to use a term coined by Lord Samuel when disclaiming optimism—a "meliorist" hope that thus can a general assault upon our common concepts, our ways of life, our "white" civilization stretching, perhaps, over decades, still be averted. But there seems hardly any doubt that, otherwise, its hour of Fate has struck.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

THE first man to declare and maintain, not as a vague theoretical aspiration but as a definite political programme, the idea of a unitary federation of the States of Europe was a thinker who is fairly well known to Italian scholars but almost unknown in other countries, namely, Carlo Cattaneo (1801—1869). Cattaneo was a disciple of another great thinker, Giandomenico Romagnosi, who was probably the first to assert, under the name of "ethnarchy", the principle of nationality. Cattaneo accepted this principle but he conceived it as a foundation for a still higher

ideal, that of a federation of free nations. More than a century ago, in 1848, he wrote: "The principle of nationality, begotten and increased by that very same military oppression which is panting to destroy it, will dissolve the haphazard empires of eastern Europe and will transmute them into federations of free peoples. We shall have true peace when we have the *United States of Europe*".* Shortly afterwards, in 1850, he repeated this formula in words which might have been written today: "The ocean is troubled and in turmoil; the currents flow in two directions—either the *Autocrat of Europe* or the *United States of Europe*".† But although the formula is Cattaneo's, the fundamental idea had already appeared in the noble mind of Mazzini, the greatest apostle of national freedom, who indefatigably advocated this ideal to the end of his life. Mazzini's ardent love for his own country was in his mind one and the same thing as a love of freedom for all countries; and he therefore proclaimed the necessity of union and fraternal collaboration among all peoples, free and equal, for their common progress. Accordingly, after founding in 1831 his "Young Italy", he founded, in 1834, "Young Europe", an agreement of international brotherhood and a plan for a "federal organization of European democracy under a single direction".‡ The plan, as Mazzini himself recognized, was too wide to be accomplished in that age, but it was supremely valuable and fertile as a source of later thought.

The differences between Mazzini's conception and that of Cattaneo are of relatively secondary importance, in that they do not affect the supreme ideal, common to both, of a juridical co-ordination of the various separate States. Their disagreement, in effect, comes down to this, that Cattaneo desired to apply the federative principle internally as well (he came even to dream of the *United States of Italy*), while Mazzini, as is well known, held inflexibly to the principle of the political unity of each nation. This latter principle rightly prevailed. That it is the more rational is shown *inter alia* by the fact that the unity of the nation organized as a State does not exclude the possibility of the widest administrative decentralization. Nor need we waste time in demonstrating what progress has been made during the last century by the fundamental idea of these precursors. Everyone knows that the postulate of European federation has by now entered into the public consciousness of every country and that it every day determines the practical actions of parties, of parliaments and of governments. It is more useful to touch, even briefly, on the by no means inconsiderable difficulties which at the moment stand in the way of a complete and effective realization of European federation.

These difficulties can be mainly reduced to three. The first difficulty, or the first problem, is the reconciliation of *nationalism* and *internationalism*. These concepts must of course be understood in a relative sense, otherwise they would be absolutely antithetical and irreconcilable. It is obvious that an intransigent and so to speak self-contained nationalism would prevent the creation of a true federative organism, for the very purpose of such an organism is to bring together the diverse national

*CATTANEO, *Dell' insurrezione di Milano nel 1848 e della successiva guerra* (Luga 1849), p. 306.

†Id., *Archivio triennale delle cose d'Italia*, vol. I (Capolago, 1850), p. 532.

‡MAZZINI, *Scritti editi e inediti* (ed. Daelli), vol. V, p. 37.

unities and transcend them in a higher synthesis. Those who see in every foreigner a probable adversary, who seek their own safety only in an alternating series of enmities (according to the maxim: "My neighbour is my foe but my neighbour's neighbour is my friend"), who deem that their own greatness is to be reached not by elevation through their own merit but by the abasement of others, are in a state of mind like that of primitive barbarians, and this state of mind, were it to prevail, would indubitably lead to new wars and new catastrophies. The truth is that, just as love for one's family does not exclude love for one's native town, and love for one's native town is no whit opposed to love for one's country, so even the most ardent and alert national sentiment can and must be tempered with calm and benevolent regard to other peoples. Nationalism can and must be sublimated in a sincere and fervid love for all humanity. This natural scale of affections is the criterion and the condition of all progress moral and civil. Hatred, rancour and the lust for revenge in memory of past wars are a poison which corrupts and imperils the life of any international organization. On the other hand, an empty and foolish internationalism presuming to cut through the roots of feelings which are inborn in the human mind and, in particular, to abolish the love of country, is something which is not only theoretically wrong but must be practically unattainable, because of the continual and necessary resurgence of a healthy and legitimate national sentiment. Duties to one's fatherland are as sacred as duties to humanity. Only a lofty spirit of charity and justice can reconcile these various duties and afford guidance for the solution of the particular problems which in the perpetual flux of historical events present and frequently re-present themselves, but often assuming new and unforeseen forms.

The second difficulty, or the second problem, is to reconcile the juridical equality of the various States with the real and sometimes enormous disparity of their extent and their power. It is obvious that, as long as sovereign States exist, every one of them, whatever be the number of individuals composing it, has the right to be recognized on a footing of equality with the others in inter-State organization. In Bentham's formula, each State can rightly claim to "count for one". But it is just as obvious that, inasmuch as the personality of each individual is juridically equal to that of every other, a population of several hundred millions of men should in common deliberations weigh much more than one which is a thousand times smaller. The necessity of combining these opposite criteria leads in practice to a series of compromises, of which recent diplomatic history offers us some notorious examples. There can be no doubt that if the one, or the other, criterion were rigidly applied the practical result would be that the largest, or the smallest, States would refuse to join the federal body. The problem, though difficult, is not, however, insoluble. At least, it is possible to indicate some fundamental concepts which may help to lessen the difficulty of solution. In the first place we should get rid of that false policy which considers alliances as disguised means of domination, the policy which was wittily expressed in the saying: "*Rien n'est plus utile que l'alliance entre l'homme et le cheval mais il faut être l'homme et pas le cheval.*" Speaking seriously, we must hold fast to the principle that a true alliance cannot exist save between

equals, since, as Mazzini wrote, "every inequality comprises a violation of independence and every violation of independence nullifies freedom of consent".* But this does not mean that every question can be decided by a simple counting of votes. There are rational principles of justice which set limits to the power of majorities and which cannot be annulled even by unanimous contrary opinion. These are substantially the principles of the classical school of natural law, critically re-examined, amended and developed by modern legal philosophy. First among them is that of absolute respect for human personality in all its aspects. The system of essential rights and duties constitutes a guarantee for everyone and especially for minorities, which can always refuse to recognize the validity of decisions taken in disregard of these principles. At any rate, within these limits, a sound international organization should give scope for the recognition of the rights of majorities, by attributing powers proportional to the population of the various States, saving the distinctions which may result from competence and interests relating to particular matters. A general clause requiring unanimity of consent and thus enabling a single member of the organization to frustrate its function at his mere pleasure is, properly considered, fundamentally anti-juridical and is a negation of the spirit and the pre-suppositions on which the organization is based.

The third difficulty consists in harmonizing as far as possible, harmonizing at least up to a certain point, the internal order of the single States with that which is to result from their union. It is clear that some autonomy, we may even say some sovereignty, must be reserved to the single members of the federation, otherwise they would cease to be States. But it is equally clear that their sovereignty cannot be unlimited, if the federal link is to constitute a true common entity and is not to be reduced to an empty name. This entity too must, in short, be equipped with a certain sovereignty, not absolute but such as to limit the sovereignty of its constituent elements. Adherence to a super-State unity—or, if this expression is not accepted, to an inter-State organization—implies acceptance of specific principles which represent the essential and inherent reason and motive of the organization and of its activity. Is it possible for a State which has signified or intends to signify such adherence to deny and to trample on these principles in its own internal order? Only those who are unable to free themselves from the obsolete prejudice which attributed to every State an absolutely arbitrary power can answer the question in the affirmative. But the logical consequence of their opinion would be that the pretended adherence would be nothing but a fiction, or a cheat. There is therefore reason for holding that an organization whose purpose is the protection of human liberty can and ought to exclude from its membership those States which do not show willingness to recognize and guarantee the same liberty in their own legal system. This of course does not mean that the legal systems of the various States which compose an international union must be perfectly uniform. The diversity of historical traditions and of the conditions of life of the various peoples necessarily translates itself into differences of customs and of laws. These differences should be respected even within the framework of the

*MAZZINI, I. cit., p. 30.

wider organization, so long as the fundamental principles which arise from human consciousness in every age and every clime are maintained.

Historical development, aided by international intercourse, tends to bring about a mutual approximation and assimilation of customs and even of laws, without thereby destroying the natural characteristics of each people. There is a spontaneous convergence caused by the progressive self-elevation of reason towards the universality which is proper to it, and this convergence gradually overcomes dissimilarities and disagreement. This natural process brings about the gradual formation of a unitary and almost cosmopolitical organization, which, once it begins really to establish itself, becomes in turn a powerful means to stimulate the process. Such an organization in fact aims not only at eliminating conflicts and wars among its own members, but at promoting the rational co-ordination of all their activities and energies. But in order that such an organization should be really alive and effective and not a mere academic exercise, it must not confine itself to consolidating the existing state of things; it must be able to modify it, having proper regard to the conditions of life of its member-nations, to their capacity for work and to their resultant legitimate aspirations. We must not repeat the mistakes found in empirico-political conceptions, like the scheme for perpetual peace of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, which sought to stop the course of history and render eternal the existing thrones and frontiers. If injustices have been committed, as has occurred in recent history, such as depriving whole peoples of the fruits of their long toil or tearing away strips of their native land for alleged strategic motives or through a spirit of revenge, such injustices must be put right, by peaceful means, if we desire to establish a new order which shall not carry in itself the seeds of past dispute and hence the danger of dispute to come. Only he who desires justice really desires peace. It is clear that these considerations, if they are sound, hold not only for the already heralded United States of Europe, but also for a future, even if far distant, juridical organization of the entire mankind. Much, as we have said, has been done towards this end, but very much still remains to do. However strong our faith that one day the sublime goal of complete unification will be attained, it is not our intention here to trace, even in outline, plans which may seem utopian. What matters is that we should work and effectively advance, step by step, in that direction. Therefore we should encourage all efforts at establishing a union which shall include at least a certain number of European States, even if it is not at the moment possible to include them all. It would already be a great achievement if such a union should produce tangible fruits, even if only in certain fields, as, for instance, by introducing a common European currency. Let it not be said that this would be of small importance; there is always truth in the old maxim, "*Concordia parvae res crescunt, discordia maximae dilabuntur*".* The tragic experiences of recent wars should surely have taught men something. If not, we must conclude that history is a teacher without students.

(Transl. by Dr. G. Negri.)

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*SALLUST, *Bellum Jugurth*, X, 6.

SPAIN IN 1954

I SAW Spain this year for the fourth time. Geographically speaking I saw more of it than ever before, as I crossed it from the Pyrenees to the Bay of Vigo and on my way back from the extreme west to the north-east frontier. I avoided the two chief cities Madrid and Barcelona this time; but I saw a part of the population of Madrid, including some of the government men, on holiday in the Basque seaside resorts. I also saw Spaniards from all over the country at their national pilgrimage to Santiago, which was more solemn this year than usual, for 1954 happened to be a Marian year, coinciding with the Holy Year in Spain, since it was one of those years when the Feast of St. James fell on a Sunday, July 25th. Without any particular intention of avoiding foreign tourists and seeing Spaniards only, I travelled in slow trains which usually frighten away the foreigner and lived in places where no language was spoken except Castilian and the Galiego dialect.

I remember one sight above all from this fourth journey, perhaps the most concentrated vision of present-day Spain fortuitously offered to a traveller. Crossing the bridge over the River Tormes at Salamanca at sunset, I saw an incredibly large herd of cattle drinking such water as could be found in the dry season. The herdsmen were playing those dear old monotonous semi-Oriental melodies on their flutes, which newer and less devoted friends of this fascinating country know only from the radio in the hotel lounges of Madrid or Barcelona. Just behind the men and their cattle were the huge modern buildings in American style, research institutes and laboratories built with Marshall aid, a coach station with the latest types of cars looking somewhat like aircraft, with accommodation for 60 to 70 persons, and arrows pointing the way to the nearest airport, and signposts indicating the number of kilometers from Salamanca to the principal towns of Spain. Opposite, on the other side of the river, was the tower of the New Cathedral (that is, the baroque one) and the Old Cathedral, the University with its early XVIth century façade, the Basilica of St. Isidor, the Holy Ghost College, the Fonseca Palace and all the innumerable artistic beauties of Salamanca, towers of colleges, libraries, monasteries, palaces. All could be seen from a single spot, the Spain of the present, the Spain of a glorious past and the Spain of the centuries past and to come.

The basilicas and the palaces have already had many adventures, the laboratories and industrial plants will have theirs too, and they too may know a time when they will have to be put to some new "up to date" use, like the old palaces of the Castilian nobility today. Yet the herdsmen will bring their cattle along to drink every day at sunset for centuries to come. They did so when the Roman pro-consuls resided here; they did so when the Moorish horsemen were nearly at the old city gate, still half-preserved; they did so when patriotic guerillas made their nightly surprise attacks on the French garrisons within the walls, and while anarchists were killing revolutionaries and while insurgents were exterminating rebels in every corner of this wonderful Spanish land. Spain survived all this; she was saved by her patient people, by her soil and by her herds of cattle. Golden, blood-red, multicoloured sunsets have passed over

this earth. The poorest of the land still remained faithful to the earth which was their heritage.

I had come from the west coast, I had stood on the very spot whence Vasco de Gama and Magellan had sailed. I recalled what is so often forgotten, that the great geographical adventures of the past all ended by proving that the earth was round. The human adventure into space has ended. There remains the human adventure to wait until the end of time, and I find no better formula for the Spanish attitude to life and the haste of the century; it is a patient waiting. I recall Chesterton's words written some twenty-five years ago: "Spain is far more vigorous and hopeful at this moment than many parts of the vast industrial field of what are considered successful societies. Spain made a great effort in the sixteenth century, and opened a new world of wealth and discovery; then it began to sink slowly out of sight. But Spaniards were not stupid and stunted savages in the time of Goya any more than they were in the time of Velasquez. Very likely the time will soon come when the Spaniards will make another effort; and for this purpose it is likely enough that their repose or retirement will have left them healthier and happier than most other people. In fact we need a new theory or conception in history; the conception of the historical holiday. Perhaps the Dark Ages were a holiday, if they were a little like a dull and rainy holiday. But there is something to be said for a vacation, even in the literal sense of a vacuum. Anyhow I think it extremely probable that the Spaniards will turn up again as fresh as paint, even the paint of Velasquez. They have not been so much exhausted and depressed by our dismal industrial materialism or our vast capitalist responsibilities. They have been refreshed and rejuvenated by a little decay, and have thoroughly enjoyed themselves for three centuries as a dying nation."

Whatever the final historical summary of this mid-century in Spain, this much is certain, that a long period of crisis is past and at present Spain astonishes the observer by the soundness, the balance and the vigour of its spirit more than any other country in Europe today. Perhaps no "rest-cure," as Chesterton called it, was harder or more exhausting than the one History imposed on this people for over a century. It was a "rest-cure" comprised of several civil wars. Spain has eventually regained her conscience and re-discovered herself, after having been, with a few years of respite, the battlefield of foreign ideologies for one hundred and thirty years.

It is however already obvious that the elimination of many, if not most, of the internal conflicts of the long and troublesome "rest-cure of decadence" does not mean that the vigorous stability of the present is a time of complete rest. As the years pass, one can observe the slow re-grouping of forces and the gradual appearance of new tendencies and ideas, although the external framework has not changed since 1939 and nobody at present urges that it should be reversed. It was at its origin a compromise solution, which reached from Conservative and Liberal Monarchism to a modern and autocratic social Radicalism. These tendencies were united in a common struggle against anarchy and revolution in the first phase of the 1936-39 Civil War and against Soviet Communism later on, when it became clear that International Communism

and not Spanish Radicalism of any description had taken the lead on the Republican side. Half a generation has passed since then and a new one has grown up. The younger Spaniards no longer feel that the roots of the present era lie in a civil war which they hardly remember; they are even perhaps tired of being reminded of it in official speeches and publications. The tendency is growing amongst them to consider the Spanish pattern a good one.

In the past, whenever a Spaniard looked out on the world, he saw apparent success and had to contrast foreign progress and expansion unfavourably with Spanish failure and stagnation. No European country can now serve as a term of such comparison for Spaniards. Spanish authors and thinkers of the present generation such as the poet and critic José María Peman, the philosopher Rafael Calvo Serer, the sociologist Elias Tejada, are unanimous in pointing out that Spain kept much nearer to the future pattern of Europe, because she kept her religious and cultural unity and never knew Nationalism as a basic theory of politics. National unity came to the Spanish Realm before unity came to Germany, Italy and even the French Bourbon Monarchy. For this reason the German and Italian models of the 1930s found little real echo in Spain. The nationalist revolution of the nineteenth century, the ideas of 1848, Cavour and Bismarck and their belated Slav and East European disciples who had their short-lived triumph in 1918, are almost as difficult subjects to explain to Spaniards as they are to Britons; and without these things neither Fascism nor Nazism could have been born.

For years many Spanish authors besides those mentioned above stressed the fundamental difference between Spanish autocracy and every national or international pattern of totalitarianism in Europe and Asia. Since the former political parties have been banned, Spain has had in reality more of a coalition government than many other countries. General Franco's Foreign Minister, Senior Artujo, and his Minister of Education, Don Joaquín Ruiz Giménez, are Christian Democrats who could just as well have figured in an Italian government under de Gasperi or a German one under Dr Adenauer. The government has been reconstructed several times since 1939, and between this date and the present, Spain has had Monarchist, Syndicalist and Christian Democrat Cabinet Ministers and many "unpolitical" technicians—with a military "dictator" at the helm, whose position is that of a co-ordinating and very often a mitigating influence. General Franco keeps the leadership in his hands more by the elasticity of his mind and his capacity for evolution and moderation and by restricting his personal intervention to the minimum, than by any dynamic energy which one usually associates with the idea of "dictatorship."

The recent attempts to revive the old style of the Falange by agitation over Gibraltar and mass meetings in "totalitarian" style found no real echo; they almost proved that even within the Falange itself there are obvious divisions. Among the old neo-Conservative and independent or Christian Democrat elements (who only became formal members of the Falange during the civil war, when this organisation represented the only possible form of a national coalition) the view is expressed—partly through a controlled but by no means a silenced or "orchestrated" press—that a

co-ordinated and open grouping of the existing tendencies would be more advantageous than a fictitious or at least theoretical unity. There are roughly speaking the National Syndicates, somewhat autocratic in tendency with a far-reaching Radical programme of social reform. There is a Liberal-Conservative, or neo-Conservative Intelligentsia, strong in the bigger towns and the universities. There is Catholic Action and regionally—especially in the Basque country—there is a peculiar traditionalist variety of Catholic Action. It may sound paradoxical, but under this autocratic façade, "totalitarian" even in some of its aspects, there are more tendencies and parties in Spain than in other countries, and newspapers, weeklies and reviews are more linked to definite ideas, tendencies and traditions than elsewhere. There is, it may be added, a greater intensity in the Spanish intellectual search for a formula of the political future than in France or Italy.

Nobody however in Spain envisages a return to Parliamentary democracy of the old kind. Neither the French nor the Italian examples are encouraging in this respect, while in Germany, a country in which many Spanish observers have travelled during the last few years, judging by the Spanish press, the revival of the old parties has done little good, whereas the personal government of Dr. Adenauer, standing in stature above all the other parties, creates a favourable impression. General Franco has succeeded in keeping a co-ordinated government together which is in everything but name a coalition. The younger elements are organising and slowly educating a responsible, patriotic and moderate opposition, not fundamentally hostile to the state, but affirming the Catholic-spiritual basis of national life; in other words an opposition which is quite different from the one that faced the Monarchy in its day. This tendency which finds a certain expression in the Madrid "A B C" and a more definite one in such reviews as "*El Ateneo*" and "*Nuestro Tiempo*", envisages a restoration of the Monarchy, gradual, but "integral", as one of the principal writers on this school of thought, Rafael Calvo Serer puts it. In his "*Teoría de la Restauración*", published in 1952, this author distinguished between "superficial" and "profound" revolutions, and between superficial or formal, and profound or integral Restorations. Bolshevism is the profound Revolution, differing in this from those of the nineteenth century, while the profound or fundamental Revolution in Spain was the Civil War. This must be followed by a Restoration which is more "integral", not only of the Monarchy as an external form, but of a Christian society of the true European and Spanish tradition. The peninsular Restorations of the past were superficial, as were the Revolutions which preceded them.

Universal suffrage and a Parliament such as other countries know them—and opinion is pretty unanimous on this—would have the disadvantage in Spain that the most moderate and sober elements within the government would be eliminated, and the élite of a potential opposition, which is at present able to grow and express its views, although with some amount of restriction would suffer as well. Numerically, the best elements are not the strongest. There exists a new Spain which cannot be understood in the terms of pre-Civil War politics. But the institutional framework in which the leadership and the governing élite of this new Spain would

be selected and recruited is still a secret of the future. Many if not most Spaniards agree on this one thing: they no longer envisage a European pattern which would bring progress to "backward" Spain, as did the generation of the beginning of the century. On the contrary, the Spanish pattern of the future may contain remedies which could be applied to a deeply affected Europe, which, like Spain in the past, has now lost its former spiritual strength and its dominating position and may be undergoing what Chesterton called a "rest cure of decadence".

BÉLA MENCZER.

GREECE IN 1954

THE new sense of stability in Greece can be attributed to four main factors. Foremost is the institution of monarchy which has acquired a special meaning after the turbulent years of Communist revolt. There is little doubt that the Royal Family is popular, though some maintain that King Paul is too much a political monarch; but this inclination, if not existing only in the imagination of critics, is largely compensated by the warm interest of Queen Frederika in social problems. Secondly, Marshal Papagos enjoys prestige and authority and his government is looked upon as the only way to salvation; but some critics say that his government has dropped its finest brain in the economic domain, Markezinis, often compared to Jean Monnet of France, and that there are already signs of fatigue. Some complain that it has promised more than it can fulfil. Yet such voices are rather rare; the majority back the Marshal, perceiving in him a man of integrity, a soldier able to sweep Greece clean of her chronic ailments of favouritism, nepotism and corruption. A third factor is American aid. The last is the will of the people to proceed with reconstruction and make good the grim losses of war and disruption.

Greece does not suffer from the problem of the enormous *latifundia* which are such a dangerous growth on Spain's economy and which cripple her agriculture; great estates are melting away and Greek agriculture has a much healthier structure than the Spanish. But the same drawback seems to apply to both: they lack irrigation. Experts say that it is connected with another worry, electrification, since without expanding the existing network and making use of the power of the northern rivers and lakes, electric drills cannot be used for boring new wells and conducting water to irrigation canals. The total number of KW produced was about 236,000 to which 95,000 had been added by the middle of October. The long-term hydro- and thermo-electric projects envisage an increase by 300,000 KW, but even this could not satisfy the needs of industry as well as growing cities and modernized villages. An urgent problem is the construction of artificial lakes, water being an invaluable raw material in a country lacking coal and enjoying abundant sunshine. Power projects started four or five years ago. The Aliveri power plant, completed with American help as well as skill, was inaugurated in 1953. The Achelos River is to be harnessed to produce some 184,000 KW at a cost of 54 million dollars. This vast project will change the character not only

of the district through which the water flows but of all Greece according to the ambitious claims of the planners. Next to electrification and the harnessing of water power comes afforestation. From time immemorial Greece has been subjected to an irresponsible policy of devastation of woods, and erosion has done immense harm to the countryside. Efforts to halt its alarming progress are apparent, but these are still too patchy.

In October, 1953, the Papagos Government initiated "the most ambitious investment programme in the history of Greece"; over 70 million dollars were earmarked for 1953/54 alone—and out of that total the American contribution amounted to 32 million dollars. During five years Greece is expected to spend 235 million dollars, mainly on land reclamation, agricultural improvement, industrial expansion, provision of better water, housing, tourist facilities, etc., land reclamation being rightly given top priority. Food production has already increased by 93 per cent since the war, but there is still a shortage of grain and rice and 22 per cent of home requirements are imported. 80 million dollars from American aid was spent on the welfare of agricultural workers alone and 22 million on land improvement. About 110,000 acres are to be reclaimed, 170,000 protected against erosion, and irrigation provided for 70,000. Rice production in 1953 was over 45,000 tons, about 15 times pre-war level. The production of cotton is rising sharply and the price for Greek cotton compares favourably with that of Brazilian. The most expensive items are investments in industry amounting to 117 million dollars for oil refineries, development of magnesium and soda factories, nitrogen and aluminium plants, as well as for the exploitation of bauxite deposits said to be the largest in Europe. In practically every field one notices progress, from tourism, which may develop into a major Greek industry, to shipping. Return to the Greek flag was recently celebrated in Piraeus by the many Greek ships hitherto registered under foreign flags, many under that of Panama. There are plans for shipyards at Piraeus and Syra to reduce the cost of building and repairing ships in foreign shipyards.

Last but not least comes the currency reform. Greece has devalued her currency by 50 per cent in relation to the American dollar and the English pound. Old bank notes circulate alongside the new ones which have shed three noughts, a new note of 50 drachmas corresponding to an old one of 50,000, and so on. The Government felt that this monetary "dualism" would convince the population that the old notes would not lose their value. It seems that this ingenious monetary trick has succeeded, for both notes are used and there is very little confusion. Foreign businessmen admit that since the currency reform trade with Greece has increased enormously. American businessmen are to be seen everywhere and so are Germans. French firms have recently secured some big electrification contracts, and Italian firms are trying their luck. The British are more active in Greece than in Spain, but the attitude of British enterprise towards Greece still seems to be rather reserved.

Greek economy is greatly hampered by the fact that 55 per cent of the expenditure goes to the army. Greece has to maintain large armed forces for a little country. One is astonished by the smartness of its soldiers, neatly clad in a lighter version of the British battledress, by the

sight of well-kept lorries, artillery, tanks, as well as by the tidiness of the barracks. Experts say there are still deficiencies in both the navy and the air force, but that with American and Nato help Greece will soon possess a model all-round army. In contrast to the Spanish army, which seems slightly antiquated and to be equipped with old-fashioned weapons, the Greek army strikes one as being a modern unit that has gained valuable experience in Italian, German and anti-Communist campaigns. Its morale is high, and indebtedness to Britain is evident in uniforms, lorries and artillery.

The chief triumph of the Papagos Government has been action against favouritism, inflated Government expenses and nepotism. By cutting the Government cars used on all levels of the bureaucratic hierarchy they have achieved a notable economy; some say that by cutting the cars and telephones 50 per cent or even more of the budget deficit was covered. Many ministries were liquidated, a general reform of the Civil Service introduced—stopping the recruitment of new Civil Servants and dismissing the redundant ones, the battle cry being: Our State needs fewer and better-paid Civil Servants. By the end of 1952 the administration expenses of the National Bank of Greece amounted to some 30 billion drachmas, some 19 per cent of the total of its investments. Out of its 4,000 employees more than 800 were departmental chiefs, with 180 legal advisers. An amalgamation of the National Bank and the Bank of Athens was effected, and other banks were encouraged to pool their resources.

It is no good attempting to conceal the fact that Greece is fighting an uphill struggle. A country of some 8 million inhabitants has to face the concentration of nearly 2 million people in Athens and Piraeus. Too many people are leaving the countryside in hope of better wages in towns, a trend encouraged by the civil war which compelled frontier villagers to seek safety in cities. The trend has to be reversed, but this will be impossible without raising the standard of living in the countryside which, in turn, is connected with the vast projects of electrification and land reclamation. The scourge of unemployment is quite severe, and some say that before Papagos grasped the reins it amounted to some 30 per cent. It has considerably diminished owing to the opening of new factories, but no exact yardstick can be applied to a country like Greece. Many workers do not want to work more than a few hours a day; some prefer to work on rotation; some prefer to be idle.

Finally there is the problem of Cyprus, the emotional appeal of which cannot be underrated. Fanned by press and propaganda, it has practically obscured the political horizon. Greeks feel strongly about Cyprus but they are realistic enough not to push the quarrel too far. They say that arguments used by the British were unconvincing and they are probably right. Some of the not too numerous Greeks who are not influenced by emotional thinking expect the British to abandon the island after a reasonable time; after all, Britain cannot make two retreats in one year, the exodus from Suez being the first move on that unpleasant road. They say there is a discreet rivalry between the British and the Americans in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, and the British prefer to act from a proprietorial position in Cyprus rather than as a tenant of Greek bases. British reluctance to leave seems largely a matter of prestige and

uncertainty about the future. Many Cypriots are subjected to a special brand of patriotic terror which makes it impossible for them to express frank views. But if they were able to do so they would probably confess that British rule was by no means bad; that the absence of taxation was an advantage, all the more since in Greece the Papagos Government insists on taxes being collected, a novelty in Greek life; and that Britain has done much for the welfare of the island. Yet we must reckon with emotions outweighing material motives, as happened in Mexico when American oil magnates were driven out, and in Persia in her attitude in the oil dispute. Self-determination is an explosive force that cannot be resisted for long.

AXEL HEYST.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER AT EIGHTY

ON January 14th, 1955, Dr. Albert Schweitzer will be eighty years old. Gratitude for a long life of conspicuous service in so many fields will be tempered in the minds of most of us by the hope that Schweitzer may yet have years of productive labour ahead of him. He has himself said that he will go on working "for as long as I can draw breath." No one who knows him would expect anything else. Apart from the continued administration of his mission hospital at Lambaréné in French Gaboon, the world of art and letters awaits with eagerness the completion of at least four major enterprises—the full edition of Bach's *Chorale Preludes*, the third volume of his *Philosophy of Civilisation* which (already in manuscript) "would bring my life's work to conclusion," a book on Chinese thought as a companion and contrast to his *Indian Thought and its Development*, and possibly something more definitive on Goethe than the several valuable essays and addresses he has allotted to one of the men who has most strongly influenced his own life. It is the measure of his physical and intellectual achievement that we should still expect from a man in his eighties four major works, any one of which might have comprised a lifetime's satisfaction for more ordinarily gifted men. We are still too close to it to assess that achievement in full perspective. But in two spheres his eminence is assured. As a musician—organist biographer of Bach's life and interpreter of his music (Donald Tovey once remarked that "to disagree with Schweitzer is rather like disagreeing with Bach himself"), as the editor of Bach scores and the preserver and restorer of old organs—Schweitzer's pre-eminence is not in question. Within the last year or two he has made several long-playing recordings on the organ and there is little, if any, audible evidence of diminishing powers. Here again, he may still contribute to his artistic achievement. Music has always been the refreshment of his spirit without which, perhaps, the volume of his other work might not have been possible.

As a theologian, Schweitzer's reputation is firmly based on his *Mystery of the Kingdom of God*, *Quest of the Historical Jesus* and *Mysticism of*

St. Paul the Apostle. Like any work of scholarship these books, all written between 1903 and 1911 (though *St. Paul* was not finally published till 1930), have been superseded in part or in whole by later historical research and textual criticism. But they still stand as a decisive contribution to New Testament theology with which any newcomer must reckon, even if he does not wholly accept their "thorough-going eschatology" in interpreting the life of Jesus. In one passage in the *Quest* Schweitzer admits that "progress always consists in taking one or other of two alternatives, in abandoning the attempt to combine them." Intellectual advance is the product of "one-sidedness", rejecting the law of mental inertia which, continuing to reconcile the irreconcilable, tries to do justice to all sides of the question. Schweitzer believes that the victory of one of two historical alternatives is a matter of two full theological generations. Thus, in a key passage, did he anticipate criticisms of his own work and, the wheel having come almost full circle, his basic conclusion that Jesus lived and died under the urgent compulsion of the Jewish-historical eschatology of his time is now an integral feature of New Testament scholarship.

In a recent essay Schweitzer revived earlier criticism of his orthodoxy by repeating that "Christian faith, under the influence of Greek metaphysics, was pleased to confer upon Jesus a divinity and divine inerrancy to which he made no claim." Schweitzer shares with those generally labelled "modernists" serious doubts about the historical authenticity of certain miraculous events in Jesus's life and he questions whether, in any case, they "either overthrow or attest a spiritual truth." But his particular offence, over and above the unspecific heresy of modernism, has been his re-creation of the historical Jesus as a figure sharing fully in the delusions of his age about the imminent cataclysmic ending of the world and his return, thereafter, as the Messiah riding in clouds of glory to initiate a transcendent Kingdom of God. This has been held by some to decrease the stature of Jesus by converting him into a mere deluded fanatic. Many who have carefully read Schweitzer's own books cannot accept this view. They believe, with Schweitzer, that Jesus's evident human fallibility only enhances his spiritual stature. "The fact that Jesus thinks of the realisation of the Kingdom of God in a way that is not justified by events does not call in question his authority as a unique revealer of spiritual truth; it only challenges the traditional view of his personality and authority. . . . He is so great, that the discovery that he belongs to his age can do him no harm. He remains our spiritual Lord. . . . Jesus is an authority for us, not in the sphere of knowledge, but only in the matter of the will."

Few who have read Schweitzer's description of the Son of Man throwing himself upon the wheel of the world "to bring all ordinary history to a close", or the moving final pages of the *Quest* which picture Jesus as "a mighty spiritual force flowing also through our time", can doubt that his historical Jesus challenges us even more formidably and personally than the Jesus of traditional orthodoxy. "The abiding and eternal in Jesus is absolutely independent of historical knowledge. . . . He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, he came to those who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same words:

'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. . . . And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is." All his life Schweitzer has followed; not blindly on authority, but as one "who can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth"; acknowledging the sins of early Christianity against the truth in history and emerging fortified in faith and action from that confession; surrendering his will to that greater Will which was manifested in Jesus; recognising "how much that is precious exists within ecclesiastical Christianity which has been handed down in Greek dogmas and kept alive by the piety of so many generations," holding fast to the Church with love, reverence and thankfulness, but as one who appeals to the saying of St. Paul: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and who believes that men "serve the Church better by the strength of their devotion to Jesus's religion of love than by acquiescence in all the articles of belief. If the Church has the Spirit of Jesus, there is room in her for every form of Christian piety, even for that which claims unrestricted liberty."

The strength of Schweitzer's devotion cannot be doubted. The decision at twenty-one to devote his life until he was thirty to the arts and scholarship and, thereafter, to the direct service of mankind, his hospital mission in Equatorial Africa, his philosophy of reverence for life—all testify to a unity of thought and action on the part of "one who means to help bring about deliverance." His place in philosophy is, perhaps, the most difficult of his various achievements to assess now, both because the full impact of serious thought is often delayed and because his philosophical contribution is still incomplete. It lacks the final and probably most valuable volume, which may fill in several obvious lacunae in its two predecessors. We may, therefore, legitimately postpone a final verdict, while noting that many have derived much inspiration from even the present unfinished statement of reverence for life.

The greatest of all Schweitzer's claims to our attention comes from the living unity of his work and thought. A recent review of a book about Schweitzer expressed this admirably: "Through the life of this man even the tolerant agnostic seems to perceive something of the meaning of the incarnation without having to consider its doctrine. Schweitzer holds a strategic place between the believing world and the unbelieving, and has become—largely against his own intentions—a missionary not just to those abroad but to those at home." He has succeeded in this double function, despite the partially justified allegation that he rejects some traditional foundations of the Christian faith, because his life "so heroically demonstrates the strength of his faith in Jesus." Readers of his autobiography will remember the chapter in which he describes not only his own personal decision to dedicate his life to "the Fellowship of those who bear the mark of pain", but the general considerations he applies to missionary enterprises outside our conventional environment: "Only a person who can find a value in every sort of activity and devote himself to each one with full consciousness of duty has the inward right to take as his object some extraordinary activity instead of that which falls naturall

to his lot. Only a person who feels his preference to be a matter of course, not something out of the ordinary, and has no thought of heroism, but just recognises a duty undertaken with sober enthusiasm, is capable of becoming a spiritual adventurer such as the world needs. There are no heroes of action; only heroes of renunciation and suffering."

It is as a spiritual adventurer that Schweitzer stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries. He has spoken of his mission hospital as "primarily a moral experiment." He has demanded that we "make our lives fit our thoughts—or we shall end by making our thoughts fit our lives." This practical unity of word and deed is Schweitzer's most valuable example to his own time, as it may yet be his most enduring monument. He himself once wrote, in considering the history of philosophy: "Such thinkers as have suited their actions to their ethical way of thinking are the most powerful factors in world-history in so far as without them and their beneficial influence the moral and cultural state of mankind would be incomparably more horrible than it is at present." This might one day serve as his own epitaph. For the last forty years Schweitzer and his hospital have been a focus for the humanitarianism of the whole world, together forming (as Professor Oscar Kraus said in 1928) "an international cultural factor", a plea to mankind for a human unity transcending the divisions of ideology, race, creed and colour, "a force whose permanent beneficial effect it is the duty of civilisation to guard." Indeed, Schweitzer's missionary adventure is civilisation, which he has elsewhere defined as the integration of discovery, invention and the arrangement of human society so that they work together for the spiritual perfecting of individuals. At any time and in any age his example would have been invaluable. It is particularly so today when two world wars, the "total" method in which they were conducted, and their aftermath of a psychological and physical struggle for the minds and bodies of men have threatened the complete overthrow of spiritual and moral values. "We are", he wrote in 1950, "at the beginning of the end of the human race. The question before it is whether it will use for beneficial purposes or for purposes of destruction the power which science has placed in its hands. So long as its capacity for destruction was limited, it was possible to hope that reason would set a limit to disaster. Such an illusion is impossible today, when its power is illimitable. Our only hope is that the Spirit of God will strive with the spirit of the world and will prevail. . . . This it will only do when it has won its victory over that spirit in our hearts. Nothing can be achieved without inwardness."

There, in the jungle just south of the Equator, Schweitzer is still administering his hospital in the twilight of a long and wonderfully full life; lighting a beacon of universal compassion in a dark and divided world; preaching the sanctity of each individual personality to an age grown servile before the demands of a collective society and callous in response to national or racial rivalries; recalling an unreflecting generation to the fundamental truth that all morality depends upon the individual will; reminding us that the Kingdom of God is *now* within us, would we but still the clamour of our external lives and hearken to the Spirit; practising the pattern of "the inward man with an active ethic" which is

the ideal of his own philosophy and was epitomised in Goethe's poem:
 Be true to thyself and true to others . . .
 And let thy striving be in love
 And thy life be an act.

Transvaal.

C. W. M. GELL.

MME DE POMPADOUR—II.

WHILE caring nothing for the chase and the card-table, the King's principal pastimes, Mme de Pompadour shared his mania for building and landscape gardening. The first purchase was Crecy, a small house quickly transformed into a large one, with a sufficient number of neighbouring properties to enable the King to hunt. Choisy, built for Mme de Vintimille and subsequently occupied by Mme de Châteauroux, was enlarged by Gabriel, the King's favourite architect, and newly decorated. Even more exquisite was Bellevue, the only large house built for Mme de Pompadour, beautifully situated on the Seine near Saint Cloud, which she sold to the King in 1757 as a country residence for his unmarried daughters. While building and landscape gardening fascinated them both, the interior decoration was mainly her sphere, since the King cared more for his houses than for their contents. She became the most generous and discriminating patroness of the arts that France has ever possessed, and not even her harshest critic has denied her exquisite taste. Small residences were constructed for her close to the vast palaces at Fontainebleau and Compiègne. In the capital she bought and enlarged the Hôtel d'Evreux, now the Élysée Palace, but rarely used it and bequeathed it to the King. At Versailles she possessed a house—now the Hôtel des Reservoirs—connected by a corridor with the palace. To a fine mansion on the Loire she only made two visits and bequeathed it to her brother.

A second unfailing delight was the theatre. While performances by professionals had long been a pastime of the Court, Mme de Pompadour introduced amateur theatricals. A special administrative department under the control of Richelieu, entitled *Les Menus Plaisirs*, commanded ample funds and provided weekly performances, while births and weddings in the Royal Family were celebrated by balls and fireworks; but there was room for something more intimate. The initiative was warmly welcomed at Court, where sufficient dramatic and musical talent existed to provide first-rate performances after repeated rehearsals. A miniature *Théâtre des Petits Cabinets*, with seats for fourteen spectators, was constructed in the palace with decorations by Boucher. Rules drawn up by the Favourite explained that it was not a school and that beginners should not apply. The first season, lasting from January to April 1747, included *Tartuffe*, and invitations to the performances were eagerly sought. A cherished ambition was realised when, through the friendly medium of the Duchesse de Luynes, the Queen was induced to witness the performance of a light comedy chosen by the King. The popularity of the new venture led to the demand for a larger theatre in the palace, with forty seats. The enterprise lasted for five years, during which 122 performances were given of 61 plays, operas and ballets. When operas

were staged, the amateur orchestra was reinforced from the ranks of the King's musicians. Life at Versailles during the early years of the Pompadour régime was a perpetual carnival. Enraptured by her manifold accomplishments the King exclaimed "You are the most charming woman in France."

France was at her feet, but was it not too good to last? Having climbed to a giddy height she saw yawning precipices on either side of the path. Her fate depended on two uncertain factors—the continued fidelity and the physical survival of the King. He had evicted his first mistress and at Metz he had gazed with terror into the jaws of death. At any moment a thunderbolt might fall from a cloudless sky and strike her down. The first great alarm is vividly described in the Memoirs of Mme du Hausset, her confidential maid who knew all her secrets. One night the King was taken ill in her bed and the faithful attendant was hastily called. "Come here, the King is dying." Happily the royal sufferer was able to give orders. "Fetch Quesnay and say your mistress is ill." Quesnay, the King's doctor, also doctor and friend of the Favourite, thoroughly understood the strength and weakness of his master's constitution. By the time he arrived the crisis, probably due to overeating and indigestion, was over. He fetched a drug, remarking, "At sixty this would be serious." After three cups of tea the King was able to return to his room leaning on Quesnay's arm. As it occurred at night and the doctor was too loyal to give his master away, no one knew of the incident. In the morning he sent a note to Mme de Pompadour by Quesnay himself. "My dear friend must have had a great fright, but I am very well as the doctor will confirm." Mme du Hausset was equally incapable of betraying her mistress. "The King and I have such confidence in you," remarked the Favourite, "that we regard you as a cat or a dog and talk as if you were not there." She sat in a little ante-room where she heard everything unless the conversation was in low tones. After this alarming experience the King gave her 4,000 francs and made her a present every New Year's day, while her mistress presented her with a clock and a portrait of the King on a snuff-box.

Louis XV, perhaps with a sub-conscious memory of the wholesale casualties in the Royal Family in his childhood, was morbidly attracted by the topic of death, despite his brooding fears for his own soul. Mme du Hausset reports that he frequently talked of it, rarely laughed, and was often in low spirits. One day he proposed to read a sermon by Bourdaloue to Mme de Pompadour, and when she tried to turn the subject he remarked: "Then I will go on with it in my own room." Nothing could be more terrifying to a royal mistress than an attack of royal piety, however brief it might be: self-indulgence might easily lead to satiety, and satiety to contrition. The transition from Mme de Montespan to Mme de Maintenon remained a vivid memory for the older members of the Court. Temperamentally inclined to pessimism, Louis XV had little expectation of improvement in the health of the state, and he never expected a new broom to sweep clean. "Like the rest of them," he would say, "he promised grand things, none of which will ever come off. He does not know this country. He will see." He had equally little belief in his courtiers and his Generals with the

shining exception of Marshal Saxe. Aware of his own unworthiness he demanded little from his subjects. Such a ruler, lacking faith, ideas and ideals, could do little for France.

The gnawing uncertainty about her future was the price which every Favourite had to pay for her spectacular ascent, and Mme de Pompadour never felt wholly at peace with herself. Four years after her promotion she confided her troubles to a friend. "The life I lead is terrible: scarcely a minute to myself, constant journeyings, inescapable duties. It is impossible to breathe. Pity me, do not blame me." Such moods of depression arose partly from physical causes, for her health had never been good. She was a bad sleeper, and she suffered from chronic fatigue which she strove to conceal from the King. She had to be *toujours en vedette*, for her lover had to be conquered anew from day to day. Like Louis XIV he would have resented any interference with his pleasures and his plans, such as moving from place to place on a particular day or her inability to appear at a festivity to which he was looking forward. Without being entirely heartless he was as inconsiderate as most pampered autocrats. As her power grew from year to year the daily round became ever more exacting, particularly after her mis-carriages, and the strain almost too grievous to be borne. The combination of physical exhaustion with mental anxiety continued to wear her out. She knew that she had to fight to keep her footing, for there was no halting place between the Capitol and the Tarpeian rock. When she told her father that a good conscience rendered her immune against the shafts of her enemies she was deceiving herself, for no human being—let alone such a bundle of nerves—could remain indifferent to the storm of abuse, including threats of assassination, which beat upon her head. "I pity you sincerely, Madame," remarked Mme du Hausset, "though everyone else envies you." "My life," was the reply, "is a perpetual conflict."

Mme de Pompadour was *persona gratissima* with the artists and the *Philosophes*: with the former in gratitude for her lavish patronage and prompt payment of their bills, with the latter because, in the words of d'Alembert after her death, "at the bottom of her heart she was one of us." In Boucher's celebrated portrait of 1758 she holds an open book in her hand. While the King performed his religious duties with mechanical regularity, she had no taste for piety. She was denounced as the patron of the *libres penseurs* by Christophe de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, and indeed her friendship with the leaders of the Enlightenment was notorious. Voltaire was at her feet and dedicated *Tancrède* to her. Montesquieu persuaded her to suppress a reply to his *Esprit des Lois*. Marmonciel appeared at her Sunday toilette, and she aided his candidature for the Académie Française. Crébillon, old and poor, received a pension and a lodging in the Louvre, and was honoured by an *édition de luxe* of his tragedies. She secured a pension for d'Alembert and the withdrawal of the veto on the *Encyclopédie*. When the conversation at supper one night turned on gunpowder and other inventions, she remarked that the *Encyclopédie*, which would provide the answer to such questions, was forbidden. The King ordered a copy to be brought from his library and the desired information was supplied. That he had no use for the

brilliant writers who adorned the salons of Paris was an abiding regret to the child of the Enlightenment. The catalogue of her library, sold after her death, listed over three thousand items, mainly concerned with French literature and history.

While the *Philosophes* never possessed the slightest political influence, the enemies of the Favourite within and without the palace were legion. The *Poissonades* found a ready sale in the capital and specimens penetrated the walls of Versailles. Convinced that Maurepas was the master strategist behind the campaign and himself the author of some of the most malicious satires, the Favourite resolved to destroy the offender who mimicked her talk and her bourgeois ways. Since he could neither be won by flattery nor silenced by threats, her only resource was a direct appeal to the King. She tested her influence one day when he was working with the King by requesting the cancellation of a *lettre de cachet*. All orders, rejoined Maurepas, must be in the name of the King. "Faites ce que demande Madame," ordained the ruler. She denounced him to the King as "fripon et menteur, le président de la fabrique," and even pretended to believe that he planned to poison her. Though the King liked him and enjoyed his witty talk, her importunity prevailed. "I no longer require your services. Retire to Bourges and do not reply." "Honnête homme," comments the Duc de Croy, who adds that his fall was widely deplored. The Minister took his sentence calmly and had to wait twenty-five years till a new King recalled him to office.

Henceforth the Favourite reigned without a rival. She spoke of *Nous*, and the only chair in her boudoir was her own. When Richelieu returned after the war of the Austrian Succession with the title of Marshal and began his term as First Gentleman of the Chamber, he was expected in some quarters to attack her, but he found her too strongly entrenched. The King's reply to attacks on the lady of his choice was to bestow on her the title of Duchess, the highest at his disposal. Her only ally in the Ministry was Machault, the Finance Minister, who controlled her income and paid her debts till his ambiguous attitude during the Damiens crisis led to a break. Only a woman of unquestionable ability and infinite resource could have held her own against the fickleness of the King, the frowns of his children, and the ceaseless machinations of her enemies. The fall of Maurepas brought no cessation to the stream of *Poissonades* against "Daughter of a leech, yourself a leech." The crescendo of denunciation rose to a roar when food was scarce in Paris and bread was dear. The Court was her world and she never seriously concerned herself with the reaction of the people to the lavish expenditure associated with her name.

G. P. GOOCH.

(To be continued.)

GREAT BRITAIN, U.S.A., AND CANADA

ONE of the most interesting phenomena of the past ten years has been the rise of the Dominion of Canada to a position of great power and influence in the world of international relations. Her diplomatic service, which has only been built up since the end of the Second World War, has already acquired high praise in many quarters

abroad because of the skill and the unobtrusive competence of its members. She played a leading role in the setting up and the operation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the influence of her representatives has been important in the deliberations of the UNO during recent years, especially at the time of certain crises such as those created by the Palestine issue in 1949 and 1950. Due to its blend of English, French and American culture, she is particularly well fitted to act as an intermediary between the United States and Great Britain and the Western Democracies of the continent of Europe. Conversely, the satisfactory conduct of Canadian external policies depends basically upon a close harmony between the Western European Bloc and the United States. Therefore, it is quite natural and inevitable that the present tension and misunderstanding between the Governments at London and at Washington is creating many problems and headaches for the men who direct Canada's external policies in the Canadian Capital in Ottawa. Today there is no doubt that relations between the United Kingdom and the United States are more strained than at any period since the beginning of the present century and that they are progressively becoming worse rather than better. The activities of Senator McCarthy on one side of the Atlantic and the predilections of certain groups in the British Labour Party for the Communist Regime in China seem to have done irreparable harm. In this situation, the position of the Canadian Government is particularly difficult, partly because it tends itself to be very critical of certain aspects of present day American foreign policy. This is especially true in connection with the present crisis in the Far East.

Although Canada was a loyal and staunch supporter of the cause of the United Nations and of the United States in Korea and gave a military contribution there which was much more considerable than that furnished by some other nations of her size and population, she has never been sympathetic to the views of the China Lobby group in the United States whose propaganda and influence have had such a malign effect upon American domestic politics. Such figures as Chang Kei Shek and Syngman Rhee have few friends either in official or private circles in Canada. They are looked upon as trigger happy military adventurers, whose trouble making propensities are in danger of creating a major political and military explosion in the Far East. The whole Canadian attitude towards the developments in the Far East differs from that in the United States. This is partly because Canada in the past has never thought of herself as a Pacific power. Her interests have always been focussed towards Great Britain and Western Europe. Her role in the Pacific War and in the occupation of Japan after 1945 was a very minor one. It is significant of the difference of sentiment in the two North American countries. The Canadian Government was ready to follow the example of Great Britain in giving diplomatic recognition to the Communist Regime in Peking as long ago as the winter of 1949—50 when the invasion of Korea put an end to such a move. The Liberal Administration in Ottawa feels, however undesirable and unpleasant some features of the present Communist rule in China may be from the Western democratic standpoint, that it is pretty solidly based and likely to endure for some time to come and that the United States will have to recognize the political facts of life

in the Far East and both give Communist China diplomatic recognition and stop blocking her entry into the UNO. The course of events in Indo-China culminating in the Geneva Conference, at which the Communists seem to have scored such a signal victory over the United States, has strengthened the Canadian statesmen in these convictions. Therefore, the fire-eating pronouncements on Far Eastern affairs by such American political and military figures as Senator Knowland, General Mark Clark and the former American Ambassador to France and the Soviet Union, William Bullitt, have created alarm and apprehension in Canadian official circles. Canada is certainly not ready to back the United States in any military adventure which entails the support of an invasion by the armies of Chang Kei Shek of the Chinese mainland from Formosa. But, of course, they realize that their own country must inevitably become involved in any major military conflict in the Pacific between the United States and the regime of Mao-Tse-Tung.

Also the officials in Ottawa seem to have a much better understanding of the general political and diplomatic outlook of the new nations in the Middle East than does the State Department in Washington. They realize that the American policy of trying to snub a nation with the vast population and resources of India is a dangerous one and that it can lead to very serious international complications and difficulties. This is one of the reasons the Canadian delegates to the UNO parted company with those from the United States last year in voting for the inclusion of representatives of India in the International Commission which has supervised the armistice negotiations in Korea. Already it can be seen that the Canadian Government to some extent has tried to make itself the interpreter of certain American view points to the Asiatic nations in order to relieve the tension between such nations as India and the United States. It is significant, in this connection, that when Louis Saint Laurent—the present Prime Minister of Canada—was on his world tour, the first to be undertaken by any Canadian Chief Executive, in the spring of 1954, he took pains to try to impress upon the journalists and politicians in India the fact that the United States was not the greedy, aggressive, militarist power that the Russian and Communist propagandists have portrayed her to be. The difference in general points of view on the international situation between the two North American countries is to some degree to be explained by the fact that the hunting and anti-Communist hysteria, which have swept the United States since the end of the War, have thus far left Canada almost untouched. The Canadian Administration has not followed the example of Washington in outlawing her Communist Party. There has been no organized drive against subversives in Government and/or against progressive and liberal ideas in the Canadian universities and educational institutions. Senator McCarthy's activities and campaigns have had few admirers in Canada, save perhaps among some of the rabid anti-Communists in the French speaking Province of Quebec. The attempts of the Red hunting American Congressional inquisitors to extend their activities northwards across the international boundary in the last months of 1953, in their efforts to interrogate the Russian ex-cipher clerk and informer, Igor Gouzenko, created a widespread wave of protest and revulsion from one end of

Canada to the other and stimulated a new wave of anti-American feeling. Relations between Canada and her giant neighbour became more strained than at any period since the beginning of the century.

Canada is placed in a particularly embarrassing and difficult position because she is so closely linked by military ties to the United States. Her Northern and Arctic areas would be the natural avenue for any large scale Russian invasion of the central part of the North American continent by way of Eastern Siberia and Alaska. The defence of these vast territories is a task which nations are closely connected by military and air bases in the Territories. The two radar stations as a pair extend right across the continent to the Pacific. Canada would be a battleground between the United States and the Soviet Union. It shows today a much greater weariness of the British Government in London and the State Department in Washington than another large scale military adventure on the globe would be truly calculated to bring about. One of Canada's chief difficulties is of French origin. There is no doubt that the French understand the chronic revival of aggressive European politics. There is no doubt that the French would like to see the revival of Great Britain's "neutrality" in arms upon those bellicose and obsessed by their fear of the whole of the Western world. The military show down with the United States tied to the United States. The United States take an independent stand that they can do is to view to the officials and quite a useful role for any country. In the meantime, Canadians devoutly hope that the present cleavage between the United States and Europe will not grow wider during the next few years and that some real unity of view and purpose can again be achieved between the Governments in power in Washington, London, Paris and Berlin.

Montreal.

W. E. GREENING.

SEVEN YEARS OF INDIA'S INDEPENDENCE

INDIA celebrated on a nation-wide scale the seventh year of her political freedom and the sixth birthday of her Sovereign Republic on 15th August. The passing away of the Empire, after fulfilling its purpose and helping the country realise its destiny, has fortunately not led to her

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secession from the Commonwealth. This stage in her process of development must have driven home to those in authority that, if freedom brings prerogatives in its train, it brings duties and obligations of a strenuous nature too. Seven years are a very short span in the life of a nation, but no dispassionate survey of this period could exclude the recognition that what she won with the sweat of her brow on the basis of an honourable settlement she has striven in large measure to justify through her devotion

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time in the course of her chequered history one million and a half industrial workers have acquired the benefit of insurance against unemployment, sickness and old age, a phenomenon without parallel in the social history of the East. The ambitious schemes of canal construction taken in hand would be a useful factor in increasing agricultural production, and the Bhakra canal now completed figures as a valuable substitute for those handed over to Pakistan as part of the political settlement. The abundance of water supply is only one though valuable element among several essential to improvement in the peasants' lot and, of course, a great deal remains to be done. There is no lack of benevolent intentions to help raise the standard of living gradually and to rescue millions from the clutches of a poverty which staggers western observers. The second 5-year plan has started on its promising career, but those who have

Canada to the other and stimulated a new wave of anti-American feeling. Relations between Canada and her giant neighbour became more strained than at any period since the beginning of the century.

Canada is placed in a particularly embarrassing and difficult position because she is so closely linked by military ties to the United States. Her Northern and Arctic areas would be the natural avenue for any large scale Russian invasion of the central part of the North American continent by way of Eastern Siberia and Alaska. The defence systems of the two nations are closely co-ordinated today. The United States has several military and air bases in Newfoundland and in the Canadian Northwest Territories. The two countries are in the process of conducting a line of radar stations as a protection against aerial attack from Asia, which will extend right across the Canadian North from the shores of Hudson Bay to the Pacific. Canadians are very well aware of the fact that their country would be a battleground in the event of an all out military conflict between the United States and Communist China or Russia. Canadian statesmen show today a much greater perception of the current dilemmas of the governments in London and Paris than do their opposite numbers in the State Department in Washington. They well realize the intense war weariness of the British and the French peoples and their wish to avoid another large scale military conflict whose effects upon their region of the globe would be truly catastrophic. Since over one-third of the population of Canada is of French origin, it is quite natural that Canadians should understand the chronic French fears of German rearmament, and of the revival of aggressive Fascist militarism on the other side of the Rhine. There is no doubt that some Canadian diplomats and Government officials would like to see the rise of some strong Western European bloc with the backing of Great Britain, France, West Germany and Italy which, without being "neutralist" in any sense of the term, could act as a check and curb upon those bellicose and war-like groups in the United States who are so obsessed by their fear of Communism that they are willing to bring the whole of the Western world down in ruins around them by forcing a military show down with the Soviet Union. But Canada is too closely tied to the United States by political, military and economic bonds to take an independent stand of this type at the present time. The most that they can do is to try to put over the British and European point of view to the officials and politicians in Washington. And this in itself is quite a useful role for any country. In the meantime, Canadians devoutly hope that the present cleavage between the United States and Europe will not grow wider during the next few years and that some real unity of view and purpose can again be achieved between the Governments in power in Washington, London, Paris and Berlin.

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secession from the Commonwealth. This stage in her process of development must have driven home to those in authority that, if freedom brings prerogatives in its train, it brings duties and obligations of a strenuous nature too. Seven years are a very short span in the life of a nation, but no dispassionate survey of this period could exclude the recognition that what she won with the sweat of her brow on the basis of an honourable settlement she has striven in large measure to justify through her devotion to the public weal. Her entry into the comity of free nations is a notable landmark in international relations. Whereas in neighbouring lands insurrections and upheavals reared their ugly heads, kingdoms have crumbled and one regime has supplanted another, India has so far stood solid like a rock, her armed forces loyal, with the structure and functions of her system intact. The credit is largely due to the cohesion of the politically conscious elements cemented by the life-work of Mahatma Gandhi, even though we dare not ignore the fact that free India has inherited a bureaucracy trained on the British model and an army whose war-battered veterans have sealed their disciplined heroism on theatres of war as far flung as Cairo to Calais and Alamein to Normandy.

Space forbids exhaustive treatment of the economic measures for the uplift of the rural population or the raising of the average standard of living. In all countries with newly-won freedom there arise idealists who prefer to follow the path of least resistance and believe that confiscation of other peoples' lands without adequate compensation is a panacea for making the poor rich, and it would have been surprising if such visionary experiments were not tried in India. But they failed as they were bound to fail, making the Government of Sheikh Abdulla in Kashmir unpopular if not endangering its continuance. Nor were the efforts more successful in the Indian Union. The Bombay Government Tenancy Act provides that lands lying fallow could be given to landless peasants to cultivate; but the moment an effort was made by the passive resisters to enter, the landlords, fully equipped with legal arguments, threatened to proceed to the highest legal tribunal to vindicate their claims, as the lands supposed to be lying fallow were designed to raise pasture for the cattle. The magistrates had no alternative save to clap the passive resisters insisting on possession into prison in their thousands.

On the other hand it is gratifying to remind ourselves of India's brilliant achievement in the sphere of social legislation. For the first time in the course of her chequered history one million and a half industrial workers have acquired the benefit of insurance against unemployment, sickness and old age, a phenomenon without parallel in the social history of the East. The ambitious schemes of canal construction taken in hand would be a useful factor in increasing agricultural production, and the Bhakra canal now completed figures as a valuable substitute for those handed over to Pakistan as part of the political settlement. The abundance of water supply is only one though valuable element among several essential to improvement in the peasants' lot and, of course, a great deal remains to be done. There is no lack of benevolent intentions to help raise the standard of living gradually and to rescue millions from the clutches of a poverty which staggers western observers. The second 5-year plan has started on its promising career, but those who have

tried to study the economic structure of our society and its age-long inhibitions suggest caution in forecasting speedy results.

Meanwhile a great deal can be done through the Village Industries and Welfare Associations. The Union Minister of Health has been making strenuous efforts for the preservation of public health. In India misfortunes seldom come alone: the havoc wrought by drought and earthquake has now been aggravated by floods which have affected 300,000 square miles and perhaps 10,000,000 persons have been made homeless for the time.

It is pre-eminently in her foreign policy that India has attracted a world-wide publicity, serving as a beacon of light to some and as a rock of offence to others. From the start she has repudiated war, even when Hyderabad was an apple of discord and Kashmir an acid test of India's pledged word on a fair and open plebiscite. In certain quarters her ceaseless peace efforts have, no doubt, been acclaimed as a genuine contribution to the work of reconciliation in a world heading for disaster. Others again, accustomed to the orthodox and the internationally recognised functions of an orderly sovereign state, have been disquieted and unsettled. They have asked how this conciliatory and peace-loving Indian attitude is to harmonise with her insistent efforts to stir up strife and force the pace of freedom for "oppressed" peoples in Asia and Africa. Constitutional experts of international reputation maintain that a *de facto* Government as such does not possess the right to set itself up as a Ministry of Enlightenment and Propaganda for the liberation of "backward" peoples, living outside its territorial jurisdiction, even though the motives be praiseworthy. Individual governments are not expected to tackle the issues of the whole world. They must keep their own doorsteps clean.

Are the peoples directly concerned with colonial imperialism to be left no judgment or initiative to negotiate with the authorities concerned, on the basis of their stage of development, political maturity and approved capacity for self-government? Why should New Delhi interfere on the slightest provocation? Nor should we forget the salutary advice given by Mrs. Pandit, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, before several important gatherings that the less we interfere with other peoples' affairs, and the more we attend whole-heartedly to the solution of our own domestic problems, the more effective would be our voice in the councils of the nations.

What is the essence of "Neutrality" in India's foreign policy? A sovereign state is within its rights to renounce war as an instrument for settling international controversies and avoid every occasion of friction. It is similarly on safe ground in rejecting group-alignments which might drag it into the vortex of an armed conflict. The assumption of being above the battle gives it, moreover, a point of vantage in arbitration between contending parties. But behind neutrality as a form of non-belligerent impartiality there should be an inner core of positive convictions, a sense of right and wrong. Does India accept or reject political systems close to her borders which stand for collective slavery, the lowering of individual dignity, the conscription of conscience and the moral impoverishment of life? It is just these moral elements which

tend to be overshadowed by the emphasis on peace as an end in itself. We are, no doubt, reminded by our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru that "India judges every world-issue on its own merits", and this attitude is perfectly correct. The member states of the United Nations reply that to the best of their knowledge every independent country does the same. They ask why the Government of India should overweight the scales in favour of her own superiority in discrimination, without providing adequate evidence in support of her claims. It would be a source of gratification to the United Nations and the civilised world if she were not only to judge independently, but also believed in that give-and-take which is the soul of every honourable settlement.

It is exceedingly difficult to come to close grips with this policy of "Neutrality", and the task is not made easier by a recent speech of the former Indian Ambassador to Peking and Cairo. "Every big power in the world", said Sardar Panikkar, "has her own area of strategic importance, intrusion into which by a foreign power would be considered a menace to her own security. For the United States it is the western hemisphere, for India it is Korea, for Russia Eastern Europe." The question might be asked: "What has Indian neutrality to seek in this witches' cauldron, and why should the United States and the United Nations be excluded from this region, in spite of their having poured out blood and treasure in an attempt to evolve some sort of order out of the prevailing chaos? As for "peaceful co-existence" the experiment should certainly be tried, for it appears that Communist China has come to stay and her recognition is only a question of time, dependent mainly on her renunciation of further aggression. Communist China could make a valuable contribution to world peace by freely applying the principle of a "peaceful co-existence" to Formosa; for the Nationalist Chinese have the fullest right to live, too, and the corner where they have taken asylum is now their national home.

The phrase "Asia for the Asiatics" became current shortly after the victory at Port Arthur. It is now a fiery cross through the homes and bazaars of the East. It is obvious that when one Asiatic country after another obtains complete freedom it would be the arbiter of its own destiny. Non-Asiatics are not likely to found large settlements for their nationals in view of the climatic and other obstacles. Asia and Europe cannot afford to ignore each other. Political independence only accentuates the need to take in hand certain urgent questions for the solution of which the technical, financial and moral assistance of the West is all but indispensable.

But there is another aspect of the question which is still more important. Matthew Arnold was thinking of comparatively recent times when he indited his famous lines:

The East bowed low before the blast,
In silent, deep disdain;
She heard the Legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again.

Three centuries before Marlowe gave us a more faithful picture of the military prowess of the East in *Tamburlaine the Great*. These empires in the East were won by the sword and perished by the sword. The

East of today, with the collective experience of the past behind it, is expected and determined to replace the conventions of the jungle by the Reign of Law. In this respect India, having the heritage of a scientific view of life and legal institutions and ideals to enrich her culture from her former rulers and present friends, could be of immense value to the political and spiritual life of an emancipated East. She could and must teach the people of Asia to live and behave like good Asiatics, just as Nietzsche admonished the people of Europe, with their diverse outlook and conflicting interests, to act and think as good Europeans. And in proportion as the free peoples of Asia begin to think and act as good Asiatics would they re-discover the bonds of an organic unity with the West in the domain of freedom and progress. This fruitful co-operation will be not with the colonial rulers of yesterday but with the helpful colleagues and equals of today.

Till East and West, without a breath
Mixed their dim lights, like Life and Death
To broaden into boundless day.

D. N. BANNERJEA.

AN AUSTRIAN DIARY

IN my relations with the late former Austrian Minister of Finance, honorary professor at Harvard, Joseph Redlich, one little episode in particular has remained in my memory. He was my guest, together with a prominent English scientist, now a Professor at Oxford. To the amazement of everybody else he described all the colleges of Oxford. He displayed such a wealth of details, using his unflinching memory and his full mastery of historical facts, that almost two hours elapsed before we realized that we had with us a phenomenon of the rarest kind. With the same ease he could dilate on the practice of American law courts, on the standing orders of the House of Commons, on British local government. National economy was within his scope as well as philosophy, Austro-Hungarian history as well as poetry. As late as in 1920 he could have been of value to his countrymen as an unofficial ambassador to Great Britain and the United States. His intimate friendship with President Masaryk led him even to believe that he might find a place in the Czech government. Never was a statesman with such extraordinary gifts less appreciated. Only after the ruin of the Credit Anstalt bank did Redlich occupy for a short time the palace of Prince Eugene in the Himmelpfortgasse (the Ministry of Finance in Vienna), where he tried everything within his power to decrease the impact of this disaster.

The second volume of Joseph Redlich's diary has now appeared, covering the years 1915—1919. Its value is even greater than the first part. There are fewer outbreaks of an undisciplined temper. There is nothing which could estrange the reader like the enthusiasm with which Redlich—the pacifist of later days—had sponsored the aggressive policy of the Ballplatz. On the contrary: he emerges clearer and clearer, the man of science among the ignorant, the brilliant wit among the dunces,

the pharisee prophet among the "arch-mediocrities" of his party and of the government which "ruled" the decaying Monarchy. Pessimism is now the note. The diary often notes rumours and apprehensions. But two main facts emerge from this chaos. These facts are milestones not only in the personal life of Joseph Redlich, but also in the fate of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The first of these facts is the audience which Redlich has with Emperor Charles at Baden and in the gardens of Laxenburg, close to Vienna, in July, 1917. At the end of the second interview, when Redlich already thought that he was being dismissed, the Emperor said to him: "Now, my dear friend, would you not like to try to form a government in accordance with your ideas?" Redlich answered that he regarded this offer as the greatest honour ever bestowed upon him, but also, considering the prevailing circumstances, as a terrible burden of responsibility. He added that he hoped to be successful provided that he enjoyed the full confidence of his Emperor.

At that moment Redlich felt at the summit of his career. He describes most vividly the informal manner in which the "junge Herr" takes him for a walk of two hours and a half beneath the wonderful trees of the ancient park. Redlich developed his ideas on national autonomy for all races in Austria, and he found Emperor Charles well-informed about the controversies between the different groups of the German party in the Reichsrat. With the generosity which led to many difficulties he had just given full amnesty to Kramarz, the leader of the pan-Slav movement in Austria, who had been condemned to death for conspiracy against the security of the Empire. Redlich approved this action. He was also fully supported by the Emperor when he, the unrivalled expert on state administration, described the unnecessary "red tape" in Austria. The monarch gave him most solemn assurances of his will to peace. He contended that Germany had practically forced the Monarchy into war with the threat of a totally new orientation of her policy should Austria show "weakness". Tschirschky was said to have walked about with blood-shot eyes. Redlich also spoke to the monarch of his coronation as king of Bohemia and reminded him that all Emperors of Austria except Francis Joseph had been crowned in Prague.

It seems that Redlich, after such declarations, should have had all opportunity to prove that he really had the gifts of a practical statesman. But, alas, soon came deception. Charles's private secretary, Count Polzer-Hoditz, telephoned the proposal to Redlich that a sort of "State Council" should be constituted out of men of all parties to help frame a new constitution. Redlich, perhaps undiplomatically, perhaps rashly, refused point blank to consider this proposal. He relied too much on his Emperor's loyalty, because quite suddenly there is a kind of void in the diary: nothing more is mentioned of his mission which he had been authorized to communicate to the feudal clique which surrounded Charles. Much later, at the last moment of the reign, he heard from the monarch the deeper reason for his failure, namely, the opposition of the Germans who knew that Redlich could never have condoned a policy of "War to the Bitter End". The sudden change of the military situation—the victory against the Italians and the German offensive—had for the last time given a spark of hope to the Central Powers. In November 1918

Redlich was made Minister of Finance in the pacifist government of Professor Lammash, but this ministry was only to liquidate the last remnants of the Empire. It was condemned to death from the very start. Like Körber, Redlich had been the sharpest critic of the unpardonable financial policy of spendthrifts and amateurs. Now he could only save the newly constituted German-Austria from early financial ruin by procuring from the old National Bank two milliards of paper money—something like a dowry for the beginning of the new Austrian state.

He stood there in the light of a beautiful morning and in one of the most magnificent rooms of the Schoenbrunn Palace, to take his leave of Emperor Charles, of the old monarchy and of the most important part of his own career. As I mentioned before, Charles told him the true reasons of his failure. He said that the Germans had first to learn that they are not invincible. Once more he protested his yearning for peace and added with a sigh: "And how I have strived to achieve it!" Redlich tried to comfort him by pointing out that all now depended on his attitude. He reminded him of the exile of James II, and of the fact that sympathy for the deposed dynasty had continued for a very long time in wide circles in England. Charles seemed tired and nervous but resigned to his fate. "All the same", writes Redlich, "I had the feeling that whatever happened did not really and profoundly affect the Emperor." Already he had noticed a rather uncanny trait of levity in him. Now he appeared to have no real and deeper knowledge of the problems at stake. Everything resolved itself into personal questions. "He is not only good," said one of his adjutants, "he is goodness himself". But in his youthful self-reliance he had thought it possible to follow the maxims of his uncle Franz Ferdinand and to govern arbitrarily, although surrounded by too many amateur politicians. His evil spirit Count Czernin was, according to Redlich, lacking in education and in the sense of responsibility. At the most critical moment, when the life and death of the Monarchy depended on a government with the capacity to influence Western opinion, a political nonentity like Herr von Seidler was permitted to rule. No serious proposal was put forth to apply Wilson's ideas of democracy and self-determination to Hungary where, as Redlich rather rudely and unjustly wrote, "eine Schwefelbande"—a gang of people who never acted but merely talked—danced on the political stage. Redlich would never seriously believe that national autonomy could satisfy the aspirations of the Czechs, who wanted a "Staatsrecht" equal to the Hungarian. But Hungary was ready to separate from the Empire if feudalism should prevail in Austria, and that would have meant starvation. I believe that it would have been too much even for a man of Redlich's outstanding faculties to master circumstances for which he had not been responsible. Perhaps it was a fortunate turn of events that spared him defeat on the battlefield of practical policy. Already the daily, almost hourly flow of more or less exciting news and the accumulation of mistakes everywhere proved too much for his nerves, which were those of an artist. Accesses of giddiness and depression were evil symptoms. When even Rumania joined the enemies which the war policy had united he burst into tears. And tears were in the eyes of all the ministers when they assembled for the last time at the end of the tragedy. If Charles's fate could be likened to

that of Richard II, Redlich had the role of something like a political Hamlet.

He never lost contact with men like Hofmannsthal, who praised his lack of vanity and sense of justice, or with Hermann Bahr, who had much in common with him, being, he too, many-sided and having a certain lack of stamina. Yet he felt lonely, in spite of the renewal of old friendships also in Great Britain, France and America, where also his historical works were very much appreciated. He found his happiness in his garden, with his trees and flowers, which he treated almost like human beings. Here I often had the opportunity to admire his almost Socratic tranquillity and the sense of humour which helped him to carry on, in spite of everything. The last annotation in his last diary (1936) was about an interview I had with him. The kind words of appreciation which he uttered in this connection awake in me the full regret for a man who was, with all his weakness, essentially loving and lovable. The two volumes of Redlich's diary provide an inside description of the atmosphere of a great Decline and Fall, the most fateful after the fall of the Byzantine Empire, and as such they are invaluable.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

CONFUCIUS

MOST Western scholars' knowledge of Confucius is derived from the Analects, which, however invaluable as a guide to self-culture, tend to give an imperfect and even distorted conception of the Master, since they are mostly brief answers made by Confucius on various occasions to his pupils, who took them down in their notes and finally put them together in book form many years after the death of the sage. Confucius wrote commentaries for the Book on Change, edited the Poetry and Chronicles, but he was author of only one book, which is Chun Chiu, or The Spring and Autumn. In a discourse upon the ancient revolutions Mencius compared this work with the great achievements of the three illustrious kings by saying, "Confucius struck terror into the heart of treasonous ministers and felonious sons by writing The Spring and Autumn." Confucius himself says, "He who understands me will understand me through the Spring and Autumn; and he who condemns me will condemn me through the Spring and Autumn."

The name of The Spring and Autumn is familiar enough even among the illiterate Chinese, but few people know what it is about. Many even mistake the Tso Chuan, a classic commentary on this great book, for The Spring and Autumn itself, just as many young people in the East mistake the *Tales from Shakespeare* for Shakespeare's plays. The material is taken from the history of Lu, Confucius' native country, covering a period of 242 years (722 B.C.—480 B.C.); but each event is reduced into a short sentence, very much like the headlines in modern newspapers without adjective or adverb; and it is so worded that his judgment for each event is contained in the assertion itself either directly or indirectly. The whole value of this work lies in the judgment, but the judgment is often more hidden than expressed: and it is said by one classic commentator

that it was intended by Confucius that should the man criticised therein read it, he would hardly realise that he himself is the object of criticism. This is probably partly due to the deep reverence for the ruling house in feudal society, and partly to the fact that the powerful men in those days were so intolerant and violent that even Confucius had to use discretion.

Moreover, as the subject matter is historical, it would have been difficult to understand why a certain action should be justified or condemned without knowing the historical facts. This deficiency, however, was happily overcome by the Tso Chuan (a commentary generally believed to have been written by Tso Chiu Ming, a contemporary of Confucius) which gives us the principal events in great detail. There are also two other classic commentators, Kung Yang and Ku Yang, who help us to discover the hidden meaning. They derived their opinions partly from their own masters, and partly from the conclusions which they themselves arrived at by the method of comparison and deductions. However, on many minor points these three commentators are so contradictory as to render any attempt to reconcile them impossible; and this has given rise to three distinct schools of thought about this unique book. Nevertheless, the main principles are clear. To understand this work it is important to grasp the technique of its author. The book was written in the most simple language; but to show his judgment, the Master depends chiefly upon the choice of names for subjects and objects. For instance, to designate the prince of a state the name of Chow (a geographical area) is less honourable than the name of the state, the name of the state is less honourable than the title of nobility, while the title of nobility accompanied by the personal name is the least honourable. He who understands the appropriate use of the names in *The Spring and Autumn* understands the book itself. The differentiation is also extremely strict with regard to verbs. For a refugee prince to return to his country, the Master uses "return" or "return again", "enter" or "enter again" to express his approval or disapproval.

The Master did not limit himself to the use of direct methods, and in many cases his judgment can only be determined when a recorded event is read in relation to another, or in the light of the basic law, of the season, or of the general rules he laid down for himself regarding the recording of events. Thus, when the death of a prince is closely followed by the betrothal of his successor (the latter event being usually not chronicled), the impropriety appears readily by itself; or when we know that the natural order of succession is the established rule, it is easy to see that the mention of choosing and proclaiming an heir does not receive the approval of the Master; or, knowing that the summer is the busiest season for the peasants, then we understand that the mentioning of forced labour for public works during that period does not indicate his approval; or again, knowing that the death and burial of every prince are duly chronicled, we may conclude that the mentioning of the death of a prince without mentioning the burial shows his strong condemnation of the prince.

To understand this great work we further need a general picture of the social background of the period covered by the book. It was in the latter part of the Chow Dynasty when the Emperor was already reduced to a

figurehead. That dynasty was founded in 1134 B.C. by King Wu, who built upon the great achievements of his illustrious father, subsequently known as King Weng, with the assistance of Chow Kung, a great statesman of virtue and wisdom. He seized the empire from the ruling house of Shang, divided it into many states, and gave them to his kinsmen and followers who had helped him in making the conquest, keeping the largest portion for the imperial house. The feudal princes were semi-sovereigns themselves, who paid yearly tribute to the imperial house in the form of native products each of a specified amount and also contributed soldiers in time of war. They received decrees and statutes from the Court, and carried them out with the assistance of their own ministers of state of whom one or more were usually appointed by the Emperor. The princes of the four quarters went at regular intervals to the Court to pay homage, and the Emperor also toured the Empire at four-yearly intervals, thus securing peace and unity among the princes. Indeed, during the early period of the Chow Dynasty feudalism in China reached its perfection. It worked well for roughly two hundred years; and then some states grew bigger at the expense of their neighbours while others were reduced to insignificance. By the time of The Spring and Autumn the authority and prestige of the imperial house had fallen very low. This brought in a period of chaos and confusion, in which war perpetually alternated with short truces, and grouping and re-grouping among the states went on without an end. This is the state of affairs prevailing in the period of The Spring and Autumn, on the main events of which Confucius delivered his judgment, condemning or justifying.

Some scholars in the West, as well as in China, seem to be under the impression that Confucius was an absolute monarchist, even an adulating courtier, but nothing is further from the truth. If it be so, how are we to account for the apparent contradiction that Mencius, who was his recognised successor, should be so democratic? But this contradiction disappears when we study the book written by the Master himself. For to Confucius and the Confucian School the objective of Government is to create such conditions as to make it possible for the people to live a natural yet rational life in peace and happiness; the king or emperor is but a part (an honourable part, it is true) in the machinery for that great purpose. He is to be the representative of the supreme authority and the symbol of unification of the empire—two things essential for peace and order in any country. He is to be revered and obeyed by his subjects but only when he discharges his high duties properly. In a word he lives for the people. Confucius was a monarchist but by no means a blind worshipper of autocracy.

The Spring and Autumn may be compared to international law today, which deals chiefly with wars and peaceful intercourse between states. As a result of the long and unceasing struggle in this period for power and land, several big states emerged as the "covenant leader" in turn. They were Chi, Tsin, Chin, Chu, Wu and Yueh. As the central authority collapsed, war became the sole means of settling differences. But, as Mencius remarked, "Of all the wars recorded in The Spring and Autumn not a single one was righteous, though some were better than others." Technically speaking, no prince had the right to make war upon another.

In the judgment of the Master the most heinous are those for the destruction of another state, the next being wars for the acquisition of territory. There are two kinds of wars, however, which are justified by the Master, wars against the barbarians on the borders and defensive wars. Even these are only justifiable so far as it is necessary to reduce them to terms or to drive them out. As to military intervention in another state it is permissible when a state falls into great confusion and anarchy, but no advantage should be taken out of the chaos in the name of righteousness, nor is a wicked prince deemed worthy to punish another wicked one. Thus, we find in some cases the invasion is justified but the subsequent treaty with the defeated state is condemned. The book also takes notice of the various features of war, as border raiding, invasion, battle, siege and occupation. As soon as an invaded state is reduced to terms, war should stop and peace be restored. But in discussing the fall of states Confucius also makes a distinction between conquest, "self-dying" and collapse. While state-destroyers are invariably condemned, those states which perish either through sheer corruption or lack of unity have only themselves to blame. On the other hand, to rescue an invaded neighbour state or garrison it against the menace of aggression is always mentioned with approval.

If the impotence of the imperial house is responsible for incessant wars it also gives rise to various methods of patching up peace among the numerous principalities. This is chiefly done by conference, covenant and military alliance. By these they either guarantee non-aggression or bind themselves against a common enemy. The Master generally notes these with satisfaction, for they are the chief means of maintaining peace under the prevailing conditions. Many of the interstate pacts were indeed broken as soon as they were made, but some gave the empire 27 years of peace. It was an unfortunate age for most of the princes, for the frequent conferences and wars apparently left them little rest and little time for pleasure. It was particularly hard for the princes of the small states. As often as the balance of power changed they had to shift their allegiance, and this seldom failed to bring retaliation from their former protector. Contrary to the conception of modern law between nations Confucius recognised, though reluctantly, the law that the small must serve the big states. But he did not favour forcible restoration of a feeble ruling house to its former power and grandeur, which would rather hasten it to destruction. Of this we find a very ridiculous figure in the Duke Hsiang of Sung, whom Confucius condemns by denying him a burial. This fanatic prince, presuming to make himself the covenant leader, provoked several wars, until he was finally defeated and died of wounds received in the last battle.

Besides interstate wars and conferences this book takes regular notice of official visits paid either by the sovereigns or ambassadors of other states to Lu, or by the prince or ambassador of Lu to other states. On the occasion of accession and burial of the princes of friendly states envoys are also usually sent and received. On one occasion the princes met to decide upon the share each was to contribute to replenish the loss caused by a big fire in a neighbouring country. It is also worthy of note that a usurper is always eager to join an interstate conference or a multipartite

pact in order to obtain the recognition of "the family of nations," for which he has often to resort to bribery. But one of the most striking facts about this book is that, while the ancient history of most nations chiefly concerns itself with tribal wars and court intrigues, *The Spring and Autumn* well deserves the name of the "History of the People," making the interests of the people its central concern. Thus, famines, droughts, floods, bumper years, indeed anything that is serious enough to affect the general welfare of the people, are all duly recorded. Even grand reviews of troops, grand huntings, and the launching of important public works are recorded approvingly or disapprovingly according to whether they are in the interest of the people. On the other hand, only a few things concerning the ruling house are recorded, being limited to the prince's consort, marriage of the prince's daughter to another prince, the death and burial of the prince and his consort.

Being conscious that this unique book requires life-long study, the writer has been careful not to let his own opinion slip into the interpretation. Therefore, what is set forth above is all generally recognised as the Master's main principles of righteousness, the controversial and minor points being left out. As to how much the great ideal of Confucius is still worth striving for we must leave it to the judgment of the reader. Truth may appear in constant change when we take it in its external form; but having grasped the thing itself, we shall perceive that it is indeed eternal. For instance, it is said in the *Book of Change*, "He who can make the many go the right way will become the king." The word "king" sounds somewhat obsolete today; but more careful thinking will make us ask: "Who has ever become a true national leader that cannot lead the many to go the right way?" This work, once revered as the greatest book of China, is now generally branded as one of the products of the feudal ages; and out of that small number of elderly gentlemen who can recite every word of it from memory, few it seems, can think of it in terms of eternal truth or apply it to the modern world. But with patient and careful study we might still find it a source of treasures; and it is not improbable that the main principles of righteousness here set forth might shine again for many generations to come, if we can but interpret and understand it rightly.

LEWIS GEN.

Hong Kong.

PARSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

EVER since the novel became a favourite form of literature clergy have been portrayed in it. These portraits supply the reader with a picture of the part clergy have played in English life. One of the earliest portraits is that of Parson Adams in Fielding's "*Joseph Andrews*". Like so many clergymen, Parson Adams was not granted an abundance of this world's goods. Fielding observes: "His virtue and other qualifications as they made him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion; and had so endeared and well recommended him to the bishop that at the age of fifty he was provided

with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Like Dr. Primrose, the country parson in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield", Parson Adams was far from being wordly wise, though he flattered himself to the contrary. In recording what appertains to his own life, Dr. Primrose reveals himself to be a good man in spite of many misfortunes. One of his great characteristics is cautiousness, as revealed in his comment on the possibility of his daughters becoming companions to ladies of fashion. He declares: "Heaven grant that they may be both the better for it this day three months. . . . This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity, for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled, but if anything unfortunate ensued then it might be looked upon as a prophecy."

Although Dr. Primrose and Parson Adams were portrayed in the early 18th century and in consequence were nearer in time to Jane Austen's clergy, their characters and contacts with their parishioners make them more akin to clergy of our own day. The late 18th-century clergymen of whom Jane Austen wrote were often the younger sons of landowners and consequently, in many cases, they viewed their religious duties lightly. They might officiate at a service every Sunday or administer Holy Communion occasionally, but more often than not the bulk of the routine duties was performed by their poorly paid curates. The reader of "Mansfield Park" and "Northanger Abbey" can hardly imagine Edmund Bertram or Henry Tilney conducting a funeral service or giving spiritual consolation to a poor, sick parishioner, though they would probably supply him with material comforts. Nor is this any more conceivable with Mr. Elton, though Mr. Collins may have attempted it in a pompous and condescending manner. To the present generation Jane Austen's parsons seem rather divorced from reality, yet she provided a true and faithful account of the clergy of her time.

In some ways Mr. Elton of "Emma", whom Mr. Knightly described: "as a very good sort of man, and a very respectable vicar", bears a resemblance to the Rector in Anne Brontë's novel "Agnes Gray". Both were handsome men and proud, eager to be on good terms with their well-to-do parishioners and perhaps lax in their ministerial duties. Anne Brontë was writing of a later period, yet she comments: "The rector Mr. Hatfield had certainly little patience with his poor parishioners and made no attempt to understand them, not giving them spiritual comfort beyond exhorting them to regular church attendance". She has a more favourable opinion of Mr. Weston, the new curate, and after church comments: "But the only thing I particularly noticed about him was his style of reading, which appeared to me good—ininitely better, at least, than Mr. Hatfield's. He read the lessons as if he were bent on giving full effect to every passage. It seemed as if the most careless person could not have helped attending, nor the most ignorant failed to understand; and the prayers he read as if he was not reading at all, but praying earnestly and sincerely from his own heart."

Anne Brontë is reputed to have based the portrait of Mr. Weston on the Rev. William Weightman, a curate of her father's, though in her novel she

presents an ideal picture of him. Like Jane Austen, the Bronte sisters based their clergy on personal knowledge; they had direct contact with a clergyman's life in the 19th-century. Charlotte Bronte's Yorkshire novel "*Shirley*" is particularly rich in clergy. In the first chapter alone the reader is introduced to three curates and a Rector, the Rev. Matthewson Helstone. His was a complete picture of an old Tory parson, convinced of his own authority and willing to assist in the carrying out of law and order. Charlotte based Mr. Helstone on the Rev. Hammond Roberson, a great church builder and leader of his fellow clergy in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Like Helstone, Roberson assisted a millowner to defend his property against the Luddites, and was renowned in the neighbourhood for his stern and eccentric ways. In "*Shirley*", however, Charlotte Bronte created rather an unfair picture of Roberson, darkening the stern side of his character and overlooking many of his finer attributes.

Commenting on "*Scenes from Clerical Life*" by George Eliot, George Lewes wrote: "that the series of stories would do what had not been attempted since the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" and Jane Austen—they would represent the clergy like every other class with the humours, sorrows, and troubles of other men". The first story "*Amos Barton*" certainly bears out this claim. In some ways Trollope's Mr. Crawley resembles Barton, certainly in his large family and small income. Amos Barton was described by his creator as "commonplace", and she observes: "It was not in his nature to be superlative in anything, unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity. If there was any one point on which he showed an inclination to be excessive, it was confidence in his own shrewdness and ability in practical matters, so that he was very full of plans which were sometimes like his moves in chess—admirably well calculated, supposing the state of the case was otherwise...". The Rev. Maynard Gilfil of "*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*" is a portrait of one of the slightly eccentric, well-beloved clergymen typical of so many country villages. He was popular with children and it was his personality rather than his sermons which endeared him to his flock. Mr. Gilfil represents the best type of "hunting" clergy, just as the Rev. Bute Crawley, portrayed by Thackeray in "*Vanity Fair*", represents the worst.

In the third story, "*Janet's Repentance*", George Eliot gives a portrait of the kind of clergyman who did so much to help re-establish the church in the affections of ordinary people. Mr. Tryan, the new curate of Milby, quickly establishes himself as a favourite. One of the characters observes: "There's the new clergyman that's just come to Shepperton—Mr. Parry, I saw him the other day at Mrs. Bond's. He may be a very good man, and a fine preacher; they say he is; but I thought to myself, what a difference between him and Mr. Tryan. He's a sharp-sort-of-looking man, and hasn't that feeling way with him that Mr. Tryan has. What is wonderful to me in Mr. Tryan is the way he puts himself on a level with one, and talks to one like a brother. I'm never afraid of telling him anything. He never seems to look down on anybody. He knows how to lift up those that are cast down, if ever man did...". In this respect Milby's curate was far different from the Rev. Theobald Pontifex in Samuel Butler's "*The Way of all Flesh*." Mr. Pontifex was a stern, upright clergyman, intent on performing his duty. Try as he might he

often found it difficult to comfort his poor parishioners except with material things; though he believed his wife when she assured him that "never yet was a clergyman so devoted to the welfare of his flock."

Probably the best known portraits of Victorian clergymen are those given by Anthony Trollope. His Cathedral dignitaries, his rectors and poor curates are all realistic, not because he drew them from life, but because he attributed to them human failings; they were not invulnerable. The pompous, worldly yet generous Dr. Grantly was described by Trollope as: "a man somewhat too fond of his own way, and not sufficiently scrupulous in his manner of achieving it That he is bigoted in favour not so much of his doctrines as of his cloth is also true; and it is true that the possession of a large income is a desire that sits near his heart. Nevertheless, the archdeacon is a gentleman and a man of conscience; he spends his money liberally, and does the work he has to do with the best of his ability; he improves the tone of society of those among whom he lives Though never an austere man, he upholds propriety of conduct both by example and precept. He is generous to the poor, and hospitable to the rich; in matters of religion he is sincere, and yet no Pharisee; he is in earnest and yet no fanatic. On the whole, the Archdeacon of Barchester is a man doing more good than harm' The lovable old Bishop, the archdeacon's father and the timid Bishop Proudie; the ambitious Rev. Obadiah Slope; Dr. Arabin his antagonist, and the saintly Rev. Septimus Harding are all characters in whom the reader can believe; they create a convincing picture of life in a Cathedral city. Trollope's country clergy, such as the Rev. Mark Robarts with his determination not to be dominated by Lady Lufton, are equally credible.

Hugh Walpole also created the picture of life in a cathedral town, though his novels did not end so happily as Trollope's for many of his characters. In "The Cathedral" the reader becomes acquainted with the various types of clergy that make up a chapter. Archdeacon Brandon who for so long has ruled Polchester Cathedral, even as Trollope's Archdeacon Grantly ruled Barchester, finds his position challenged by the arrival of Canon Ronder. Brandon's downfall was brought about by his desire for power and the opposition of the new Canon; he was like an autocratic child used to having his own way and completely bewildered when it was denied him. "The Cathedral" leaves the reader wondering about Ronder's motives. Was he really lusting for power? Or has he acted according to his own lights? Was his main motive detachment and the desire to see what would happen if all Brandon's schemes were thwarted? He seems inclined to treat life as if it was a game of chess with real people as pawns. Walpole's sequel "The Inquisitor" reveals Ronder in advanced years, his character deteriorated until he is essentially a thoroughly worldly clergyman. The author shows how the young curate Gaslee will perhaps be corrupted in a similar way, and allows the still clear sighted Ronder to warn him of his folly in letting the real life slip by as he reaches out for bubbles. Ronder remembers how "he had taken orders because that career would give him, he thought, great power over men. He remembered how Aunt Alice had said to him that men thought clergymen fools and that this gave a man who was not a fool a great advantage as a clergy-

man." He realised his mistake, and also his folly in opposing Brandon who had believed. Walpole comments: "Ronder believed in nothing except his own cleverness and now he was clever enough to perceive his cleverness was not sufficient." Yet he had the wisdom to recognise and perhaps envy the sincerity of his fellow clergymen. Fortunately there are not many parsons of Ronder's stamp, even in literature, yet he provides an unhappy example of allowing ambition to dominate life.

"The Witness of Canon Welcome" by Ernest Raymond shows how even an ambitious and rather worldly clergyman can overcome his weaknesses and be a better man at the end of the novel than he was at the beginning. Following the example set unknowingly by his subordinate at the Mission church, Canon Welcome begins to practise practical Christianity by helping members of his flock who are beset with difficulties of one sort or another. In recent years Ernest Raymond has done much to portray clergymen realistically facing up to the problems of the modern world. Another of his novels "The Chalice and the Sword" provides a portrait of a one time Army Colonel who took Holy Orders after the first world war. This son of a peer is incumbent of a poor London parish, always endeavouring to assist his people even though he is often aware of the difference between their stunted upbringing and his own. It is not easy, and the author declares that he has often to overcome: "the overwhelming desire to backslide into comfort and good living and worldly ambition."

Vera Brittain in "Born 1925" tells the story of a parson who faced up to wider conditions than those of his own parish. Robert Carbury had also served in the first world war and later became a priest—one who started a crusade against poverty, disease, injustice, oppression and war. When the second world war breaks out he sticks to his pacific principles at all costs. A lesser known novel, "Simon Peter" by Megan Glyn, a young Welsh writer, also portrays the effect of the second world war on the life of an elderly rector of a Welsh village. It provides a sincere portrait of a saintly priest who all his life believed that: "everything comes in God's good time to him, who, besides waiting, works and prays hard enough. That was Simon Peter's simple faith. For had he not proved it?" The novels mentioned are not the only ones with clergy characters. Norman Collins in "The Children of the Archbishop" provides portraits of the retiring chaplain and his successor at Archbishop Bodkin's Orphanage. Elizabeth Goudge in "A Bird in the Tree" and "Herb of Grace" gives a convincing picture of a modern country clergyman, the Rev. Hilary Eliot. Numerous other authors have also enriched literature with portraits of clergy down the ages.

MARION TROUGHTON.

WHITHER PAKISTAN?

MANY nations in the modern world—from Germany to Indonesia—have a great question-mark hanging over their future, but nowhere is that question-mark more pronounced than the one formed by the crescent moon of Pakistan. During 1954 I spent some months there,

and when I came away it was with the sense that the country was breaking up and would crumble within a decade. I saw no grounds for optimism and was even more disillusioned than many of my Pakistani friends, who deserved so much better of their country. To some extent my despair was probably the result of living in East Bengal during the momentous first months of 1954, but nothing has happened since to make me feel the impressions I got then are invalid. When I arrived at the capital city of Dacca the streets were full of election posters and processions as canvassing for the provincial elections went ahead. I sensed then that popular opinion did not augur well for the Muslim League Government. A ricksha boy told a Pakistani friend of mine that there must be an "Against Government Party": how else could corruption be suppressed? My own houseboy—a shockheaded youngster far too young to vote—used to join the United Front processions in the evenings, and I could sometimes hear his raucous, raven-like voice shouting "Death to the Muslim League!" People generally seemed to feel that a change of Government was necessary. Even if the Muslim League and Mr. Jinnah had been instrumental in creating Pakistan, there was no reason why its representatives should continue indefinitely in power. They had not brought the millennium; indeed, some said they had postponed it. I talked to one of the organising secretaries of the United Front campaign. "We're going to win," he told me. "We haven't the money of the Muslim League, but we've got the students and the people with us."

The result of that March election was shattering. The Muslim League got ten of the Muslim seats, the United Front 223. It was a landslide. People who could not be worse off than they were waited expectantly for the new régime and better living. They waited in vain. At the end of May Fazlul Huq's United Front Government was dismissed and Governor's Rule imposed on the province. Soldiers from West Pakistan appeared on the streets and hundreds of people were arrested, including a member of the new Government and 32 members of the Provincial Legislature. My houseboy no longer dared go shouting through the streets, and the cook from time to time drew his finger expressively across his throat. The cook's attitude to events was to some extent typical. He was a Bengali first and last. Though he understood a little Urdu (the language of West Pakistan) he would pretend not to understand it. He disliked the "foreigners" from West Pakistan who were to be found all over East Bengal where they occupied many of the senior posts, manned the Civil Service, and generally managed to acquire more of the world's goods than the Bengalis. It was people like our cook who played a large part in the appalling massacre at the Adamjee Jute Mills—the biggest in the world—on the 14th-15th May, when close on a thousand people are reputed to have been killed, though the official figures were a good bit lower. Nor was this tragedy the first of its kind. Six weeks previously nineteen persons were killed in riots at the Karnafuli Paper Mills near Chittagong. These too took the form of Bengalis versus non-Bengalis, and were a savage prelude to the massacre that was to follow at Adamjee.

I always regarded the atrocities committed by these frenzied Muslim mobs as the boiling over of long-simmering passions. They were not

the result—in spite of what Prime Minister Mohammed Ali immediately proclaimed—of cunning machinations by the Communists; nor did they spring from the planned perfidy of discredited Muslim Leaguers as some of the left wingers said. Backward Islamic countries are susceptible to mob excitement. Blows were struck, words were uttered, passions unleashed, and there was no corking up the bottle again until it was over. Then the politicians blamed the slaughter on their opponents. The United Front had just come to power, therefore this was due to their inability to control the situation. Besides, there were four Communist M.P.s returned in the recent elections. Mohammed Ali and other Muslim Leaguers stressed “the Communist menace”; though there were those who suspected that his overnight discovery of a scapegoat was not unconnected with the fact that the Mutual Defence Assistance Agreement between Pakistan and the U.S.A. was on the point of being signed in Karachi.

Mutual recriminations between the political parties were ended by the suspension of the democratic process. West Pakistan had the power and used it. Governor's Rule was introduced on 30th May when the Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Defence, Major-General Iskandar Mirza, was put in charge of East Bengal. At the time of writing Governor's Rule still continues and the antipathy between Bengali and non-Bengali which led to it remains, possibly exacerbated by what has happened. Governor's Rule was not altogether a bad thing. Democracy without discipline too easily in backward countries degenerates into mob rule, and the sceptic may doubt whether the United Front Government would have been much better than Bengal's previous Government. There were too many job-hunters among the politicians. Yet I remember the strength of the initial reaction against Government by decree when good men as well as bad were herded into prisons. People condemned it because it was not clear that it was absolutely necessary. In today's world which clamours for self-government the onus of proving the necessity of suspending popular rule rests with those who suspend it, and I am not alone in thinking this was never proved in East Bengal. And because people could not say to one another “It was the only thing to do,” it is not easy to estimate how much more ground the Pakistan Government lost in East Bengal by the coup of May 30. It is true that Major-General Mirza announced reforms and Government plans to spend large sums of money relieving distress and improving conditions in the province: the Bengalis were not to be treated as poor relations any more. But the terrible floods of the summer months caused more distress than the Government could have alleviated even if its plans had been carried out. Much misery remained, inchoate and inarticulate, waiting an outlet. The new Governor must have won a lot of sympathy by his denunciation of the incompetence of Pakistan's politicians. He has said the country must learn the ways of democracy before claiming its privileges. Meanwhile he has advocated a strong man at the helm to “prevent people from destroying themselves.” In this he is probably right; corrupt and obtuse politicians have discredited democracy for the time being. Yet we are all familiar with the dangers of benevolent dictatorships, however “necessary” they are.

We in the West, looking at a map, are liable to dismiss the tiny province

of East Bengal simply as an appendage of Pakistan. That is the mistake the West Pakistani politicians themselves made for so long. For there are ten million more people in East Bengal than in the whole of West Pakistan, while the income from the Bengal jute mills provides a big percentage of the national income. Bengal may be more backward than parts of West Pakistan, which is why so many educated people from the West are to be found in Bengal's best jobs, but it is essential to the survival of the nation. While I was in Dacca I heard more than two or three Bengalis talking—after discreet peeps to see who was listening—about possibilities of secession from the West, reunion with the Indian half of Bengal and so on. They were tired of being ruled from Karachi and the continual neglect of their interests. There had been the trouble over the recognition of Bengali as an official language, the difficulties of travel between East and West Bengal, a natural economic unit, and other matters.

The Government in West Pakistan knew there must be no break-away. The thousand miles of India that lay between the western and eastern wings of the country could not be allowed to stir up such thoughts in the minds of Bengalis. West Pakistan would not be economically viable without Bengal. Yet, with incredible stupidity, the politicians in the West ignored Bengal's real grievances until the overwhelming shock of the March elections told them how badly they had misread the mind of the people. The grievances festered. Then came the riots. Mohammed Ali panicked—or acted firmly (the phrase depends on your viewpoint). Major-General Mirza went to East Bengal. The people there are inclined to be timid and there was little trouble. In July the Communist Party was declared illegal in Pakistan; it was "a danger to public peace." The trouble had been located. Pakistan was saved.

But was it? And is it? In these last weeks Mohammed Ali has been forced to do the things which earlier he refused to do. He appears merely to have postponed inevitable changes and to have lost much face in the process. Take, for example, the matter of the Constituent Assembly which for years has been seeking to frame a constitution for the country. No doubt, in the early days, the main battle was between those who wanted a secular constitution and the mullahs (Islam's religious leaders) who wanted the teaching of Mohammed written into it. But in March, when the representatives of over half the country's population were rejected at the ballot box, Mohammed Ali was clearly warned that, unless the Constituent Assembly were reconstituted to reflect the new feeling of the country—particularly about provincial autonomy and the Bengali language issue—the Constitution would be worthless. Instead of gracefully accepting the full implications of the popular vote, he tried to act as if it had never occurred. He can act in this way no longer. Even in West Pakistan the Government ceased to represent the people. There was discontent and opposition. Recent events in Karachi have been confusing. After an abortive attempt by Mohammed Ali and a group of Bengali Muslim Leaguers (who represented nobody but themselves) to curtail the powers of the Governor-General, Ghulam Mohammed struck back at the end of October. With the Army behind him, the Governor-General declared a state of emergency in West Pakistan, saying that the Constituent

Assembly had "lost the confidence of the people and could no longer function." Mohammed Ali remained nominally at the head of the Government, but had to make cabinet changes acceptable to those in the background who pulled the strings. Ghulam Mohammed and Iskandar Mirza, backed by the Army, bureaucrats, and big business interests, appear to be the foci of power.

Autocratic rule, however, cannot last for ever, though it may survive a long time behind a democratic façade. Towards the end of November Mohammed Ali, recognizing publicly that all is not well in the Land of the Pure, announced a decision to give the country a federal government. Under this plan the fifteen provinces and princely states in West Pakistan would be governed as a single unit, and East Bengal (to be known as East Pakistan) would also have its own government. Both units would be controlled by the Federal Government. In this way alone, said Mr. Ali, could the country escape disintegration. It would seem that at long last the ostrich has taken its head from the sand. True, the plan may take long to implement, but I think it has a good chance of averting the catastrophe. It gives the Bengalis the autonomy they have long wanted, and should prevent either segment dominating the other. I believe it may be the only solution and give Pakistan a future after all.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

IF you consult the Dictionary of National Biography for an account of Dorothy Wordsworth* you will find this entry:

WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY (author). See Quillinan, Edward.

And sure enough, under Quillinan you will find some remarks on poor little Dora. But the greater Dorothy, maker of poets and writer of crystal prose, is allowed no separate existence. In compensation she is the subject of a classically good biography, that by Ernest de Sélincourt, with its one slip: when Dorothy, in her German journal, says, "I carried Kubla to the drinking-fountain", de Sélincourt annotates, "probably a MS copy of the poem", but Professor Margoliuth discovered that "Kubla" was their punning name for the *can* they took about with them.

It is odd that the three most celebrated brother-sister relationships in the history of English literature should all have occurred within a single generation. The relation between Charles and Mary Lamb was completely normal, that between Byron and his half-sister perhaps abnormal; the love of William and Dorothy Wordsworth for each other, though far from being normal, is not to be called "abnormal" in the usual derogatory sense of that word, and it has been left to modern psychology to see the relationship as in some way "incestuous". (This monstrous suggestion was made by Mr. Norman Nicholson in 1950, and is now repeated, more circumstantially, by Mr. Bateson.) But the element of passion is unmistakable, and while Wordsworth wrote more love-poetry to and

* Died January 25, 1855.

about his sister than most poets have devoted to their mistresses, Dorothy's intense love keeps breaking lyrically through in the *Letters* and *Journals*. She fitted the needs of William with astonishing completeness: Coleridge even noted (with approval) that she lacked a sense of humour. It was to Dorothy that William broke the news that he had irregularly begotten an infant daughter in France: we do not know what was her immediate response, but the effect upon her estimation of her erring brother seems to have been negligible: there is no break in the flow of passionate enthusiasm for her "beloved William" in her letters to Jane Pollard. The Ambleside-Rydal-Grasmere valleys are rich with memories of her devotion. There is a little-known path in Easedale which has at its highest point a bronze tablet let into a rock with the following inscription:

HOC IN SUPERCILIO SEDEBAT

DOROTHEA WORDSWORTH

DUM EX ORE FRATRIS PROPE INAMBULANTIS

CARMINA DESCRIPSIT.

I think Dorothy was in love with Coleridge, and if it had been she whom Coleridge had married instead of the first Sarah he might have become the almost unequalled poet he had it in him to be, while she might have been spared the ultimate breakdown. But Coleridge was not in love with Dorothy, and her love for William made marriage with Coleridge or anyone else impossible. Nevertheless the five years during which she and William and Coleridge were as "three bodies with one soul" formed Dorothy's "crowded hour" of happiness, of happiness so entire and unclouded that one knows not where to look for its like in history or romance. The years constituted but a fraction of her long life, but the quality of those years was such as to make that life well worth living, even if there had been nothing else of value in it. But there was much else. Her life from 1802 to 1828, when her health gave way, was pathetically lowered in tone, but full of interest, love and service. She was to William no longer "his inspiration, his beloved, his companion and his slave", but one of the three satellite women who tended him in the eyes. She loved Mary, her usurper, warmly and truly, and adored her five children as they came along, but her closest friendship was with Mary's sister Sara, as we can see from the delightful collection of Sara's letters recently published, where we find intimate pictures of the two little women (each about five feet in height) chatting over Dorothy's fire—"Dorothy and I were deep in a novel, and got many *blessings* from below for not coming to help, it being nearly 5 o'clock and the De Quinceys coming to tea".

She lived with an intensity that would have satisfied Pater. She had that secret of happiness which her brother so exactly analysed:

She welcomed what was given, and craved no more.

Whatever scene was present to her eyes,

That was the best

An aspect, if not of happiness then of a lively spirit, is her zest for the homely meals of Dove Cottage, both their preparation and their consumption. Knight's emasculated version of the *Journal* omits all this, but de Sélincourt's literal transcription is full of beefsteaks and giblet pies, hare for supper, pork for dinner, gooseberry pie for tea (not all on

one day). She says on one occasion, "I felt myself weak, and William charged me not to go to Mrs. Lloyd's, but when he was gone I thought I would get the visit over if I could, so I ate a beefsteak, thinking it would strengthen me; so it did, and I had a very pleasant walk". She could ride two horses at once, her right hand on the literary interest and her left on domestic duties. She writes to Coleridge in the kitchen while the mutton roasts; as William sits by her side late at night she repeats his sonnets to him, running the heel of a stocking the while.

It is customary to regret that there is no portrait of Dorothy in her prime, but most people object to having the appearance of the characters in a novel fixed by an artist, so it is perhaps well that each of us who love Dorothy Wordsworth is left free with his own vision. A starting point for one's imagining is provided by the composite word-picture arising out of the descriptions by Coleridge and De Quincey of "Wordsworth's exquisite sister" as she was between 25 and 35. Of her features we learn nothing except that she was gipsy brown, with wild eyes afire with intellect through which there shone an innocent soul, so that you felt "guilt was a thing impossible in her". Her glances, speech and movements were quick, her sympathies ready and warm. I hope I shall be forgiven if I suggest that her good looks are a fair deduction from her nearest representative in our own generation. Wordsworth's closest descendants today are the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, grandson of eldest son John, and Mrs. Dorothy Dickson, daughter of Reginald Wordsworth, who was the son of youngest son Willy. Since Mr. Wordsworth is quite astonishingly like the portraits of his great-grandfather it is pleasant to suppose that Dorothy was, in basic features, not unlike her very charming namesake and great-grand-niece.

When she was 58, and staying with nephew John at his parsonage in Leicestershire, she was struck down by an illness from which she never recovered. Sit-at-home relatives attributed the breakdown to the long walks she had been accustomed to do with William, at which they had always shaken their heads. But the present age, when most people without a car spend weeks roaming the countryside on foot, cannot accept this diagnosis. Moreover, though Wordsworth and Coleridge both made a practice of 40 miles a day, we do not hear of Dorothy doing more than 20. Once she and William did 17 miles in four hours, but this was with the aid of a strong following wind, and Dorothy's pride in the achievement shows it was not the kind of thing she did regularly. Her favourite word for her expeditions with William was 'a wander', which does not suggest the sort of overwalking that Stevenson so much disapproved of. William described the attack as "a violent inflammation of the bowels", and we are helped to understand why this particular affliction fell upon her by the new material given in de Sélincourt's edition of the *Grasmere Journals*. Knight's selections had suppressed the facts concerning Dorothy's health, but the full text shows that during their first few years in Grasmere she was almost constantly ill with feverish colds and bowel-trouble. All this must have set up an internal weakness, which left her defenceless against such an attack as that of 1828.

Her constitution was shattered, and after seven years of suffering her mind too collapsed: she was then 64. The sources of this final disaster

are also to be found far back. For a soul so sensitive as hers the mental and spiritual tensions connected with William's marriage and Coleridge's degeneration and defection must have been terrific. Her essential sanity and happiness enabled her to take the strain at the time, but the damage showed itself later, when the physical breakdown had weakened her resilience. It may be that the laudanum which was administered "in great quantities" to alleviate her pain was not suitable for her special type of nervous constitution. Finally the repeated shocks of Coleridge's death in July, 1834, that of Lamb in December, and of Sara Hutchinson in the following June, must have been deadly for one to whom love and friendship had meant so much. She told William that Sara's death had been "a sad shattering to her faculties", and within a month all control over the mind was gone. Generally her condition was dreadful, and her habits, Mary wrote, "too painful to describe". Yet when the mind found momentary equilibrium the instinct of the artist in prose proved to be still alive, and out of the depths could come a letter like this to her niece (one can hear Mary—"Now, come along, dear, write to Dora. Tell her the news")—

My dearest Dora,

They say I must write a letter—and what shall it be? news—news—I must seek for news. My own thoughts are a wilderness "not pierceable by power of any star"—News then is my resting place—news! news! Poor Peggy Benson lies in Grasmere Churchyard beside her once beautiful mother. Fanny Haigh is gone to a better world. My friend Mrs. Rawson has ended her ninety and two years pilgrimage—and I have fought and fretted and striven and am here beside the fire. The Doves behind me at the small window—the laburnum with its naked seedpods shivers before my window and the pine-trees rock from their base. More I cannot write, so farewell! and may God bless you and your kind good friend Miss Fenwick to whom I send love and all the best of wishes.

yours evermore, DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

Even apart from its pitiful ending, Dorothy Wordsworth's life was a tragedy. No one can blame Wordsworth for marrying, but his marriage to Mary Hutchinson was a betrayal of Dorothy, and the ruin it made of her life was reflected in his poetry. The sight of the gradual death, in Dorothy, of the brilliant happiness that had been hers, and his, before 1802, poisoned his own happiness, and hence the springs of poetry in him. It is women who have most keenly felt the tragedy. De Sélincourt heard this point of view with some impatience, but Catherine Maclean's 'life' is written on a note of almost bitter sadness. And there are some perceptive lines by Margaret Cropper called *Dorothy Wordsworth Wakes at Allan Bank*, from which I quote a passage:—

She woke to steady herself against a hurt
So deep she could no longer weep for it;
To see the death in life of the man she loved,
As he had foretold it so sharply and pitifully
In the poems which he would never write any more.
'Tis this that has made her womanhood more frail,
That checks the flow of the sap. . . .

Five years ago all the world went to Lakeland to do honour to Wordsworth's memory: this year there should surely be a "little centenary" for his marvellous sister. After all, there was a local tradition (not yet quite dead in Ambleside) that what of "owd Wudsworth's po'try" was not written by "lile Hartley" Coleridge was written by Dorothy.

H. C. DUFFIN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

SIR WINSTON AND RUSSIA

A STORM in an old and slightly cracked teacup was caused by a typically Churchillian sally a short time ago. Speaking at Woodford on November 23rd, Sir Winston recalled that in 1945, "when (as he said) the Germans were surrendering by hundreds of thousands and our streets were crowded with cheering people", he sent a telegram to Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery bidding him be careful about the stacking of the surrendered arms and equipment "so that they could be easily issued again to the German soldiers whom we should have to work with if the Soviet advance continued". The fact that later (December 1st in the House of Commons) the Prime Minister confessed that he was not sure if he had actually sent that particular telegram, hardly affects the interest of the episode, because his policy in 1945 is otherwise adequately known; and the notion that his "revelation" in 1954 might embarrass the delicate approach to "coexistence" no doubt gave a little innocent amusement to the hard-headed men of the Kremlin.

The *Times*, in a solemn and almost indignant leader (November 25th) headed "Why?" and beginning with the words "What on earth made him say it?" did in fact castigate the Prime Minister's "untimely" and "unwise" disclosure on the ground that it might militate against the chances of success in the adventure then afoot which sought an accommodation with Russia. But what on earth, it may on the contrary be asked, is the difference, actual or potential, thereby made to the fact of the recent London and Paris agreements which duly do reconstitute, a decade after Sir Winston's farsighted postulate, a German armed force to take its part in the very cause of western defence against Russian aggression? It is indeed hard, and becomes every weary year harder to understand the muddle-headedness with which British opinion has faced or ignored, tried to dodge, or misunderstood, or been plainly unaware of this Russian menace, ever since Hitler forced the west into an uneasy cobelligerency with Russia by invading that country in 1941. That invasion, let it be recalled, was the direct result of Hitler's failure, by the Hess mission, to stop the Anglo-German war in order to concentrate a western front against Russia.

The international diplomatic sphere of human life throws up the most wayward and the most baffling of all the human vagaries. Was it not clear from the outset of that most muddled of all wars that Russia was no ally of the west, even though an accident of fortune was to make her a

cobelligerent? Yet in the excitement produced by Sir Winston's unexciting disclosure aforesaid, Mr. E. Shinwell, a former Minister, could almost childishly ask (November 27th, in a speech at Murton, Co. Durham) "Was there some trouble with the Russians before the war ended?" The pre-1945 ignorance of Russia that blinded the British people is one of the oddities as well as one of the tragedies of history. But for it, the war could have been brought to an end in 1941, before the full impact of the disaster had assailed us. Hitler may have been, indeed obviously was, a mental case. But madmen have their moments of sanity. The Hess mission was an act of sanity. Hitler was consistently right about Russia.

Sir Winston Churchill for his part, a man of intellectual power unrivalled in the political arena of our time, was not consistent, or was perhaps a little too clever, about Russia. At Yalta and at Potsdam he gave rope to Russia even when, on his own showing, he knew and appreciated the Russian danger. It may be that his appraisal of the German danger as being the greater or the more urgent of the two was at fault. His calculation on the other hand may have been that after the defeat of the one (with the help of the other) he could at his leisure deal with that other. As, however, the best laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft agley", he did not, hardly could, include in his calculation the impending mischance of his own defeat at the polls in 1945 which swept from his grasp the very possibility of carrying out his postwar plan about Russia. What is certain is that, according to his lights, he made no mistake about Russia the moment Germany was disposed of; and there is no man in the world with a greater courage than he. On May 12th, 1945, he wrote to President Truman: "Surely it is vital now to come to an understanding with Russia, or see where we are with her, before we weaken our armies mortally or retire to our zones of occupation". He added that the object could be achieved only "by a personal meeting", wherein he gave a first inkling of his intention, maintained up to the present time, of attempting a solution by direct contact. At the same time he has never wavered in his argument that western unity, backed by military force strong enough to impress the Kremlin, was a primary diplomatic need, and a prerequisite of fruitful personal conference. When therefore on November 23rd, 1954, he supported his continuing thesis of an attempted accommodation based on western military strength by quoting what he said or thought he said in 1945 to Lord Montgomery he was in no wise inconsistent or open to criticism for tactlessness. He and Sir Anthony Eden had been given credit by the same critics who now assailed him for the London and Paris agreements which put into effect the very course he postulated in 1945.

There may be two opinions about the wisdom or expediency of that course itself; and indeed the cumulative experience of history proves that armaments are not a safeguard of sectional security, but an impartial menace to all concerned; but there can surely be no criticism upon Sir Winston for recalling that what he preaches now, he preached in 1945, especially as now it is being put into practice through the instrumentality of the recent London and Paris agreements. But the muddles, in this and in nearly all international episodes, are as interesting as they are

constant and recurrent. In the House of Commons on November 25th Sir Winston was asked by an Opposition Member "whether he would publish the text of the messages he sent in 1945 to General Eisenhower relating to the storing and preservation of German armed forces in certain eventualities". With that famous taste of his for subtlety, irony and humour, Sir Winston duly and with affected freshness quoted anew the texts as already published in the sixth volume of his own "The Second World War" (pp. 469 and 499). He no doubt enjoyed with particular relish, and had no objection to giving it another run, his reference to "our Soviet friends" (p. 469) in his message to General Eisenhower on May 5th, 1945. "There were reports" he had therein written "from the British Naval Attaché at Stockholm, which we are testing, that, according to Swedish information, the Russians have dropped parachutists a few miles south of Copenhagen and that Communist activities have appeared there. It now appears there were only two parachutists. We are sending in a moderate holding force to Copenhagen by air, and the rest of Denmark is being rapidly occupied from henceforth by our fast-moving armoured columns. I think, therefore, having regard to the joyous feeling of the Danes and the abject submission and would-be partisanship of the surrendered Huns, we shall head-off our Soviet friends at this point too".

One can well imagine the puckish pleasantry with which Sir Winston wrote of our Soviet friends in 1945, the more so because a wave of something like adulation of those same friends was passing over the western lands at that time; and one can equally well imagine the like satisfaction with which in 1954, on the eve of the all-party ceremony with which he was to be greeted on his eightieth birthday, he threw this "bombshell" (as one humourless critic called it) into the festive atmosphere. On November 25th, for instance, Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., said at Hornsey that she had cancelled her subscription to the Prime Minister's birthday fund because of his revelation about the telegram he sent to Field-Marshal Montgomery in 1945. Not surprisingly the communists in Italy gloated over the "wave of indignation" which they said (with some justification, bizarre as the indignation was) had been aroused in Britain. They did their best to swell the said wave by describing Sir Winston's telegrams of 1945 as an instance of his cynical double-dealing towards the Nazis! But the most surprising of the ripples in this tea-cup was the indignation of the *Times* aforesaid. One expects something a little deeper from that quarter.

THE DÉTENTE WITH RUSSIA

It happened that a substantial body of evidence was already accumulating on the prevailing attempt at a détente with Russia then afoot. On the one hand there was the talk about "coexistence" and the friendly gestures of British political tourists who went to communist lands for the purpose. On the other hand there was the western process of rearmament against potential Russian aggression characterised chiefly by the projected inclusion of a sovereign armed western Germany in N.A.T.O. The Russian diplomatic reaction to the London and Paris agreements in that matter of western solidarity promptly displayed in one of its aspects a certain simplicity and naiveté of motive such as with a slight attempt at good will

on the part of the beholder may even be construed as charming. Never could intention or reasoning be more limpidly clear. In the first place, obviously, the ratification of those western agreements must be prevented. Therefore the Kremlin proposed that a conference of the Four Powers—the United States, France, Britain and Russia—be held at once, that is, before the agreements could be ratified. An actual date, namely, November 29th, was proposed for the conference. The precision of the proposal, unusual in the contortions of modern Russian diplomacy, was explained by the urgency of the need felt in Moscow to block the consummation of the western enterprise, though its ultimate purpose conformed to the principle of delay which is normal and usual in Russian tactics.

But of course the proposed conference was utterly out of the question. It was formally rejected in a Western note presented to Moscow on November 29th, the very day when the conference was proposed to begin. Delegates from the satellite communist countries had arrived in Moscow in a spirit of somewhat grim and unrealistic expectation, by that day; and they held a conference of their own. The west has had too much experience of this modern communist diplomacy to be taken in by so elementary a trick. The really naive thing was that the Kremlin actually made so hopeless a proposal; yet it is no doubt well enough known in the Kremlin that the simpletons who constitute the bulk of Russia's dupes, would chalk it all up as another example of Russia's sterling desire for peace. Indeed the Kremlin announced, as though by rote, that the purpose of its proposed conference would be to encompass peace and security in Europe. The proposal being (of course) rejected by the western Powers, the Kremlin by a quick and as it were automatic twist in tactics offered to postpone its proposed conference if for their part the western Powers would postpone the ratification of their new agreements. Limpidity itself could not be more limpid. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

But the naiveté was not confined to the Russian side. While the purposes and cross-purposes were pursuing their course, we read, for instance, in the middle of November the following announcement in the *Times*: "The delegation of six Labour members of Coventry City Council returned at the week end from their visit to Stalingrad. It was agreed as a result of the visit to make a joint approach to the United Nations Disarmament Commission to secure a ban on hydrogen and atomic weapons". The only interesting fact emerging from that paragraph was that a party of British public men had taken the initiative and the trouble to travel to Russia and had come back to give a boost to the stale old Russian propaganda about disarmament. Had those public men never heard about the disingenuous Russian proposals which had held up all progress towards disarmament by the United Nations since 1945? Did they not know that Russia's concern about atomic and hydrogen bombs was not directed towards disarmament, but towards maintaining her own preponderance in the other armaments? Were they really such simpletons that they uncritically swallowed what was told them in Stalingrad, and equally uncritically came home to do Russia's bidding for the benefit of a Russian strategy aimed against the western Powers,

including Great Britain? The sad thing is that the Coventry City Councillors appeared to be willing to help on the designs of a godless Kremlin; but the truth is that they would no doubt be horrified if they really knew what they were doing.

It is perhaps understandable in the turgid volume and complication of modern diplomacy that men who have their own work and preoccupation on their minds, should be unable to keep abreast of what happens in the quick cavalcade of international conference or of the quick thrust and counter-thrust of the international exchanges. But we all butt in with our opinions, ignorant, semi-informed or misinformed as they may be, and add to the confusion. What is common to the masses of people, Russian and western alike, is the desire for disarmament and security. The end could so readily and easily be attained, for all that would be necessary would be a simple act of general disarmament conformable with the general wish; but the field of action is so big, the insane desire for power by some of the national leaders involved is so strong, and the mutual fears due to the fact of separate armed sovereignties so deep and strangling, that commonsense too is strangled. When some of the aspirants for power happen also to be actuated by an antagonism to the only real factor of peace and security, namely, the grace of Almighty God, then the enterprise is doomed from the start. Those dozen men of the Kremlin, and their atheist satellites throughout the world are a potent obstacle to true peace, even though they may not want war in the specialised sense of physical combat. Peace will be possible when the Christian spirit breaks through the communist prison-walls; and interestingly enough, there is evidence at this time that so grand an upshot is already shaping. In the very citadel of this modern materialism and atheism, in Russia, before the very eyes of those men of the Kremlin, the children of the new generation are openly returning to the faith of their fathers. We are given some satisfaction, unusual in our time, by the contemplation of this particular development.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN RUSSIA

We are indebted for the evidence in this matter to an article that appeared in the Chatham House Review, *The World Today*, of October last. For more than a generation the Russian masses have been enslaved to an atheist government. They have been prevented, despite the insincere and quibbling article of the constitution which pretends ostensibly to permit it, to practise their Christian faith. Omnipotent God, however, cannot indefinitely be mocked by a godless government. Faith will out. It is out again. The Kremlin has shown itself to be alarmed. Counter-measures have been launched in a spirit of emergency against a resurgence of religious feeling and even of a defiant religious practice throughout the land. After more than thirty years of experience those dozen powerful, but not all-powerful, men of the Kremlin are learning that by denying the fact of God's existence, they do not thereby alter or affect the fact itself.

We are given specific details in the publication of the Royal Institute of International Affairs above referred to of the intensive propaganda by

the printed and spoken word against this revival of Christianity in Russia. A cold war is being waged against a supposedly subject people who dare again to practise the faith that is instinct in them. The youth organisation called Komsomol, which goes to the root of the matter, is the particular object of the Kremlin's campaign. The purpose of that organisation was to "get them young". Children were forced into it. They were bound as members to do all they could throughout their lives to stamp out "superstition" (the official communist word for religion) in their country. Yet the organ of the League *Komsomolskaya Pravda* lately quoted "the terrifying case of Tatiana Rastorguieva, a Komsomol member working on the Andreyev Kolkhoz, who wished to have her child baptised in church and asked another young communist to be its godmother". The party organs describe such divagations as (in the words of one of them) a "recrudescence of religious ideology among the backward sectors of the population". The *Molodoi Kommunist* has admitted that "many young people are always to be found among the believers who frequent the churches and take part in ritual observances".

The alarm of the Kremlin is partly to be explained by the misfire of its own calculation, namely, that if the children were looked after, that is, taught to be good and dutiful atheists, the other people could be left to look after themselves. In other words the older people who had had a christian upbringing before the revolution, would in the due time die out, and the new generation who had never been allowed to know about christianity would fill the land. But it is these young "atheists", born and bred into atheism, who have given their mentors the surprise of their life. At the Komsomol Congress held in Moscow last March the chief secretary, A. N. Shelepin, declared that the danger should not be underestimated, and condemned those of the officials who were "trying to belittle the influence of the church on young people and children". There is in fact a resistance movement which no longer hides underground but operates openly.

Another truth that has been discovered by the Kremlin is that the persecution of individuals does not pay, for it makes martyrs, who, as always in the history of the church, defeat the object of the persecutors by stiffening and strengthening the christian cause itself. Hence it is that the tactics have been changed. The new propagandist campaign is not directed against priests or faithful but against principles. What is attacked is the "ideology" of the christian faith, which is described as "pure nonsense", the proof being, according to one propagandist writer in *Molodoi Kommunist*, that "science has proved long ago that Christ never existed". That writer goes on to make one unanswerably true observation, namely, that "communism and christian dogma are as incompatible as fire and water": which happens incidentally to be the fair argument against the now fashionable search in the west for a *modus vivendi*, a state of "coexistence." Can fire "coexist" with water?

Though the conclusion of Mr. S. Khudiakov (the writer above quoted) be right, the process of reasoning that leads him to it embodies the usual rubbish that falls from such lips. "Scientific Communism" he writes "rests on Marxism-Leninism, which incorporates everything in science and human experience that represents progress. Christianity on the other

hand is based on nothing but prejudice and the fables and myths of the Bible and the Gospels". What is satisfactory in the campaign that puts out anew such rubbish is that the campaign is in fact being waged; in other words that it has to be waged. There is no smoke without fire, no campaign without a provocation or an object. The Kremlin has found an antagonist within its own borders, a reviving Christianity which a whole generation of oppression and suppression has not stamped out, and which again is openly preached and fills the churches. Lamentably do the communist leaders protest that though an improvement has taken place in the relations between church and state—an improvement dating from the wartime exigency of mobilising the help of the church in the patriotic cause—yet that improvement "changes nothing in the fundamental attitude of the Party toward religion." They protest too much. Still lamer is the ordinance that enjoins an "impacable struggle" to be waged against the reviving Christianity—not, it is repeated, against "all men who are enchained by religious ideology", but against the ideas they hold.

The atheists are now on the defensive. The Christians are on the march. "Against this background" we read in the document above referred to "the Soviet authorities propose at once to increase the number of lectures and discussions dealing with the subject of religion. The State Publishing House has been ordered to issue a greater number of books and pamphlets calculated to demonstrate 'the absurd character of religious beliefs and practices'". An order has gone out that the several Soviet organisations—the trades unions, youth organisations, cultural societies—are to throw themselves into the anti-Christian crusade. Is it not an interesting fact that after more than a generation of indoctrinated atheism the Kremlin is forced to acknowledge that Christianity has not been stamped out, that, in short, the shafts of Marxist materialism are incapable of penetrating the inmost reaches of the human soul, and can neither destroy nor deflect the religious instinct in man? The Kremlin is both alarmed and helpless. "The Komsomol", it has given notice, "cannot remain indifferent to the fact that so many young people are to be found among the ranks of practising believers. This proves the inadequacy of our work of education, and it also proves our inability to attract young people and interest them in our cultural work". The question is asked in that same lament: "May it not be that the young often go to church merely because they are bored at our clubs?"

One can hardly expect a materialist atheist to have a sense of humour. No doubt the Russian youths are bored at the communist clubs which dictate to them what they are to think and do, and which debar them from the most interesting and rewarding fields of human exploration, thought and spiritual exercise. But that is not all. Caesar was never a match for Christ in a bid for the allegiance of youth, of the unconquerable children of God.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

December 11th, 1954.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SWITZERLAND IN PERSPECTIVE

Of the countless books which foreign observers have devoted to one or another aspect of Switzerland in the course of the last five centuries this, the latest, is in many ways unique. It is so in its true object, its fundamental purpose, in the qualifications of its author. All three—object, purpose, author—are defined and described in a pithy and enlightening Preface. "My first acquaintance with the Swiss dates back to the years of a happy childhood when, before 1914, I spent many summer vacations among them; also to the governesses and tutors (mostly from Neuchâtel or Yverdon) who brought me up in my native St. Petersburg. I have so frequently visited Switzerland between the two wars and again since 1946 that my contacts can be said to have acquired a constant nature." The author, whose native language is Russian and who writes in a particularly facile, lucid and idiomatic English, spoke the languages of Switzerland from childhood. We discover as we proceed that he is quite at home in French, Italian, German and even in *Schwyzerdütsch*. The object of the book is thus defined by the author: "Having known the Swiss and their country all my life, I have endeavoured to give an account of the kind of men and women they are and how they got to be that way; of the complex processes that shaped their destinies, and of the many political and economic problems facing them now." In France a sharp distinction is usually drawn between "le pays légal" and "le pays réel"—the nation as it is supposed to be in theory and as it is in actual practice. There is probably no country where this difference is more profound than in Switzerland. Yet, for some strange reason, the fact seems to have eluded most of the authors who have written on Swiss politics or economics.

The author's linguistic abilities have enabled him to gain an insight into the psychological reality of the Swiss soul, or rather souls, such as will ever remain hidden or at least obscured to all who cannot converse with my German, French, and Italian fellow-countrymen in their own tongue. Furthermore, his Russian origin and his British academic training have endowed him with an impartiality in considering the variety of Swiss types which could not well be expected of a German, French, or Italian observer. Neither could such a detached view well be that of any Swiss. That he is free from either Protestant or Catholic bias is an additional qualification. And will it be thought trivial if I add to Soloveytschik's other advantages as a witness of the contemporary Swiss scene, the fact that he is not only a writer of scholarly tastes and habits, but also a widely travelled man of the world?

The author has, not very systematically it would seem, divided his book into five parts, respectively entitled "Switzerland in the World of To-Day"; "Domestic Affairs"; "Economic Affairs"; "Foreign Relations"; "Myths and Realities". Of these the longest by far is the fourth, in which the foreign policy of Switzerland is considered from mediaeval times until the present day. What will doubtless attract most attention are the chapters devoted to the twentieth century. Like most intelligent observers in Switzerland as well as abroad, Soloveytschik is a staunch supporter of Swiss neutrality. The following quotation announces the pages which will arouse most controversy: "During the first World War and in the thirty years that followed there were several occasions when Switzerland's neutrality was not respected. And the culprits were the Swiss themselves. Since most of these departures from the established tradition were not the result of considered national policy but were due to the men in charge of Switzerland's foreign relations, it is important to examine the personality of each of them in greater detail than their normal activities would

otherwise justify." The opinions expressed on four of the Foreign Ministers who remained in office longest from 1914 to 1954—Hoffmann, Motta, Pilet-Golaz, and Petitpierre—will perhaps not be shared by all. They tend to show that the most dangerous temptation to which Swiss Foreign Ministers are exposed is that of sacrificing the strict neutrality of their country to their personal pride, often hidden under the cloak of international generosity.

I will quote some of the Swiss "myths" which the author opposes to the "realities" he has analyzed with such uncommon knowledge and acumen. He denounces the "irritating phantasies which abound in so many of Switzerland's textbooks", "the sanctimonious talk about Switzerland's mission in the world" and other patriotic commonplaces. He adds: "It is strange that this practical, matter-of-fact people with an almost obsessive urge for precision should have invented a whole series of such myths and should go on believing in them despite the daily incontrovertible demonstration that most of these beliefs are quite unfounded. . . . Switzerland is neither liberal nor progressive. Yet she is a true democracy and an outstanding example of a successful democracy at that. . . . On the economic side the Swiss never tire of proclaiming their firm belief in private enterprise and they decry socialism at the slightest provocation. Yet the truth of the matter is that Switzerland's economy is anything but free. . . . In other countries it is the socialists who are destroying economic liberalism. In Switzerland this task is being performed by the business community itself, led by the farmers and abetted by the press. . . . A myth of a very different kind is the belief that the Swiss are good linguists. They are nothing of the sort—with the solitary exception of hotel concierges. . . . In the Italian and French parts of the country very few people indeed acquire a good speaking knowledge of German and fewer still can express themselves in *Schwyzerdütsch*. In the Germanic parts of the Confederation the number of those who speak French or even Italian is considerable. But they massacre these languages in a way that is truly outrageous."

In publishing the results of his very penetrating observations about Switzerland George Soloveyitchik has rendered her a great service. Now that all countries spend millions on propaganda to make known to the world the official truth about themselves, it is a real blessing to discover an author who seeks—incidentally, at no cost to the national tax-payer—to reveal what strikes him, *sine ira et studio*, as the real truth. When the book appears in translation, it may become something of a best-seller. I doubt whether its author will ever be acclaimed as a hero in the land which he knows and appreciates as few foreigners and which he has so manfully and so intelligently striven to rid of some of its illusions about itself. It is certain, however, that he will be held in the highest esteem by the most sagacious of my countrymen who will recognize in him one of Switzerland's truest friends outside her own frontiers.

DR. WILLIAM E. RAPPARD.

Geneva.

Switzerland in Perspective. By George Soloveyitchik. Oxford University Press. 21s.

LORD ROBERTS

The first full length biography of the most distinguished and the best beloved of British soldiers of the Victorian era appears forty years after his death. That we have had to wait so long is due to the fact that the enormous mass of his papers and correspondence has only recently become available. Mr. David James has made excellent use of the new material. It is not his fault if the book is a hymn of praise, for few mortals have combined public and private virtues in so eminent a degree. In an eloquent Foreword Mr. Amery pays

tribute to one of the kindest of men. If he had the ambition which almost inevitably accompanies outstanding ability, it was simply the unselfish desire to serve his country.

Though Lord Roberts's classical *Forty-one Years in India* told the story of his rise to fame from the Mutiny to the Afghan War with a fullness and authority which renders any further record almost superfluous, Mr. James has rightly devoted half the volume to recapitulating the stirring tale. For most readers today the chief interest will be found in the later sections which describe his command in the South African War and his subsequent efforts to prepare his countrymen for the life and death struggle with Germany which he foretold and which he lived just long enough to witness. Octogenarians like the reviewer vividly recall the relief which greeted the announcement at the opening of 1900 that he had been appointed to succeed the blundering Buller and that Kitchener would accompany him as Chief of Staff. The three defeats in "Black Week" had brought home to us that the war was much more than one of the colonial campaigns which we had so often taken in our stride. The rapid transformation of the military situation which followed their arrival was due, not merely to their prestige, but to the vigorous strategy of a commander who was sure of himself and not afraid to take risks. Though he never met European troops in battle, his resourcefulness and power of rapid decision so often displayed in India entitle him to rank among the leading soldiers of the modern world.

Confronted with the overwhelming might of the British Empire the Boers had no chance, but their prolonged and plucky resistance revealed the urgent need for modernisation in our military machine. To this task the septuagenarian Field Marshal devoted his closing years, and Mr. James ranks him with Haldane as part author of the administrative reforms. His campaign for compulsory service to meet the German Danger found no support with the Liberal Government and little approval among the Conservatives. Such a revolution in our national tradition required not one World War but two to achieve. That the vigorous veteran of 82 died of a chill to the soles of the guns on a visit to the troops in France in the first week of the war of 1914 was a fitting close to a life of soldiering and service. While Marlborough and Wellington were admired and trusted by their troops their nature was too reserved to inspire love. No commander has ever been more of a father to his troops or has earned their affection in fuller measure than little "Bobs."

G. P. GOOCH.

The Life of Lord Roberts. By David James. Hollis & Carter. 30s.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Sir Arthur MacNalty, it will be recalled, has already written a memorable book entitled *Henry VIII, a difficult Patient*, where he probed into the medical history of that much discussed monarch. Now he turns his attention, with equal mastery, to Henry's younger daughter Elizabeth Tudor, studying her with the eye of a doctor. But the reader need not fear that the historical interest of Queen Elizabeth I has not been fully dealt with; on the contrary, in order to present his medical views and arguments the historical background has necessarily to be drawn with minute skill, and this the author has done. The overriding theme is the question: why did not Queen Elizabeth marry? To this he has given two replies. The reader is made to understand that it was not through any physical defect, although at the time, and since then, many theories have been forthcoming, including Ben Johnson's information to Drummond of Hawthornden that there was a French surgeon who offered to operate on her "yett fear stayed her". Sir Arthur gives her a clear sheet with regard to her

capacity to bear children. Her first reason for not marrying he attributes to her serious affair, before she came to the throne, with Thomas Seymour, the Lord High Admiral, which made such a deep impression on her that no other suitor ever satisfied her. Some readers may not agree, and still believe that her love for Leicester was at one time more absorbing, but that in her clever discernment she realised someone else had supplanted her in the love he had once felt for her. The author, in his second reply to the enigma of why she remained single, shows that Leicester and other suitors counted less than her sense of supremacy as queen. Did she not exclaim to him: "I will have but one mistress and no masters"? And in those commanding words lies the answer, Sir Arthur believes. As a married woman her position would have been halved.

The author analyses Elizabeth's affection for the young Earl of Essex. By the time he came into her life she was a lonely woman; Leicester, Burghley, Hatton, were dead. And yet, fond as she was of one so youthful, who had given her the flattery she needed, she signed his death warrant when she found he had committed treason. Sir Arthur MacNalty thinks that "she never doubted the justice of her decision", and that she believed that he had deserved the punishment. "He that will forget his God will also forget his benefactors", was her argument. Essex had misjudged her forbearance for a sign of weakness, and to overthrow a doting old queen seemed to him easy. He had forgotten that the interests of her country came before any favourites.

Robust as was the Queen the author describes the many illnesses and complaints from which she suffered during her long life, although to her last days, at the age of sixty-eight, her dominant spirit prevailed over all bodily ills. Happily she and her half-sister Mary resisted what the author says was a hereditary predisposition to tuberculosis. Henry VII, also his eldest son, and certainly Elizabeth's young brother, Edward VI were all victims to this disease. In her earlier days when a prisoner in the Tower she suffered greatly from the damp which augmented the attacks of nephritis that afflicted her, and later, like her father, she suffered for years from an ulcerated leg. But above all she was subject to hysterical attacks. In 1572 Leicester reported to Walshingham that she was "troubled with a spice or show of Mother," the name given in Elizabethan times to this complaint. But with such a background of scheming, treachery and intrigue as her life disclosed, it is a wonder that her nerves stood up to the constant strain. This book is well supplied with appendixes, one of which gives a detailed record of the Queen's fourteen physicians, among them Roderigo Lopus or Lopez who was hanged in 1594 for plotting to poison her. The author is to be congratulated in adding much that is of interest to the study of the fascinating Elizabethan period.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

Elizabeth Tudor, The Lonely Queen, by Sir Arthur S. MacNalty. Christopher Johnson. 18s.

POLITICS IN POST-WAR FRANCE

Mr. Williams's remarkable book has the rare quality of treating French Parliamentarism as a distinct system and not merely a bad imitation of the British model. It is even a mistake to attribute French political troubles too readily to defects in the Constitution. In one of his wisest sentences Mr. Williams remarks that the makers of the Fourth Republic "tried to solve by constitutional changes a problem the roots of which were not in the forms of the constitution at all, but in the political divisions of the people." The study of these divisions, of the parties arising from them and of the action of the parties in the country and in Parliament illuminates the troubled course of politics in these ten significant years.

Mr. Williams's detailed examination of the origins, principles and action of the Socialist, Communist, Radical-Socialist, M.R.P. parties, the various groups of the Right and the minor combinations makes it possible to follow the tangled evolution both in Parliament and in the country. It is not a rosy picture of Parliamentary government. It is often disfigured by opportunism and contradictory alliances. But it is not chaos. Changes of Ministry are often mere "re-shuffles." Mr. Williams remarks that the total Ministerial personnel employed in the 16 posts usually constituting the Cabinet from January, 1946, to December, 1952, was no more than 66, while the holders of the corresponding offices in Great Britain from May, 1945, to December, 1952, numbered 56. Writing in a period of unusually active transition Mr. Williams has conducted his penetrating investigation with exemplary care; he has gone to innumerable and authentic French sources, which he has scrupulously quoted. He has produced, so to speak, an interim report. The Fourth Republic began, in striking contrast with the Third, by instituting government by three strong and rigid parties—the Socialists, the Communists and the M.R.P. The Parliamentary majority was invulnerable, but Ministerial cohesion was soon undermined by the obvious Communist bid for power. Since Resistance government collapsed in 1947 the Parliamentary system has re-assumed some of the aspects of the Third Republic. In the governmental sphere Mr. Williams regards the present position as about midway between the Liberation regime and that of the old Republic. In reading his book it is necessary to remember that the evolution still continues. When so much political machinery is makeshift and experimental estimates of the importance, and even of the character of individual parties, must be precarious. The behaviour of some of them has been ambiguous. The M.R.P. at its strongest used the votes of Catholic Conservatives to associate with Communists in government. The R.P.F. profited by the votes of many malcontents who did not mean specifically to support General de Gaulle's Presidential system. The Communists used for Communist ends votes which were really given to them to defend working class interests within the present regime. At this stage of the political evolution most observers will accept Mr. Williams's general conclusion that "the values and outlook of the liberal democratic tradition are firmly rooted in France."

W. L. MIDDLETON.

Vernon, Eure.

Politics in Post-War France. By Philip Williams. Longmans, Green and Co. 35s.

THE CONSERVATIVE MIND

Mr. Kirk has produced an eminently readable and worthwhile book which merits attention. It is peculiarly interesting because it records the continuous strands, since Locke and his disciple Burke, in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, and not solely the parochial conservatisms of Britain and of the Atlantic sea-board, which some timid souls believe to be local flowers too delicate for export. The gravest criticism is that he is too much of a romantic Coleridgean soul, admiring the English (not least in Burke's Dublin) for those things for which they do not always admire themselves, and clearly regarding the true spirit of Conservatism as especially that of the American Republican Party in its Taftite incarnations. Hence his attitude towards non-Conservative forces (and, after all, the immense influence, in political ideas in the Nineteenth Century, of Britain in the world was especially that of Grey and Gladstone, Mill and Ruskin) is more that of the partizan, who can see scant good in the very Greek idea of the Welfare State, than of the philosopher. Socialists seem, not some but all, to be dismissed as "materialists." Anti-revolutionary in intent, Mr. Kirk seems, like Henry James, to have lived so long in the Old World as to use such singularly un-American

phrases as "America's labouring classes." Mr. Kirk would do well perhaps to reflect that the strength of the British Tory Party and the weakness, hitherto, Theodore Roosevelt apart, of the more archaic American Republican Party, lie in the immense tactical adaptability of the former and its Disraelian preference for stealing the clothes of the Whigs while they are bathing. The more intransigent attitude may be magnificent but—as has just been shown in America—it is not politics. That the Socialists may be the deepest of all Conservatives occurred to Herbert Spencer, but it is a reflection that will not be found in Mr. Kirk's serious-minded book. Perhaps he lacks a little the sense for the cynicism of historical paradox, the final detachment of the scientist.

The essence of Burke's philosophy was that it was religious, compact of a feeling for the piety of the ages almost Chinese in intensity. It was, *pace* Mr. Kirk, organic although of course not biologico-organic: it involved a harmony of the monads. The weakness of American conservatism is that it lacks this. It tends to become the defensive economic doctrine of the kind of people whom Lord Melbourne liked to dismiss as "the blackguardly manufacturers"—the doctrine of the people who, damned for heretical by the Papacy under the caption of "Modernist," like on the European Continent to call themselves Liberals. It is yet useful, with Mr. Kirk, to look back to the pre-capitalist days of old John Adams and to note the fierce war he waged against Tom Paine and all his works, and against the Jeffersonian view that America was "not a Christian nation." To this day there has remained a dichotomy in the American mind. It is shocked by Russian atheists, but yet swears by the Voltairean doctrinaire separation of church and state, the church being regarded as of the same genus as a golf-club. It is a dichotomy which oddly encourages officious Baptist divines to hector the American Department of State into having no diplomatic representation in the Vatican State, and has far graver effects upon American secular education.

In this fascinating book Mr. Kirk is engaged upon the much needed and topical task of trying again to provide Conservatism with a philosophy of intellectual eminence, and this on a broad enough historical scale—trying to bring Burke and Coleridge and John Adams and Calhoun up to date, without Mallock-like reaction. But he has to confront the difficulty that the political eminence of England, unlike Austria, historically lies in its Liberalism, even if a Liberalism of the middle-way and of the slow tempo; and that the basic philosophy of dominant American political thought, save when it erupts into social positivism and ethical relativism, *i.e.* nihilism, is through and through Whig—which is fundamentally not the same thing as Tory Conservatism; which does find, as much as the Clapham Sect of Great Turnstile Street, so the New York *Nation*, to be its legitimate if rebellious child; and which, more than that Conservatism, is to-day under critical attack. Whether these philosophies will "approach identity," going beyond some kind of peaceful co-existence, one cannot well prophesy. Mr. Kirk thinks they will.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN

The Conservative Mind. By Russell Kirk. Faber & Faber, pp. 480. 30s.

THE SERPENT'S PRESENCE

Normally I am against fables based on the first Chapter of the book of Genesis. As H. G. Wells is alleged to have said to the author of a life of Jesus, "Why try? The Bible does it so much better." Mr. Eurof Walters has tried, and what is more, succeeded. Such narratives must have a strong element of fantasy but this he has strengthened with a quality of detail which, if it is to be described at all, must be called realism. Also he has avoided allegory, and his symbolism is unemphatic arising out of the story itself. The key to the motive for his interpretation lies in the lines he quotes from Blake:

The Mystery of Iniquity lies in the Subtlety of Evil.
The Devil is in us as far as we are in Nature.

The most original movement records the life of Adam and Eve after the eating of the apple. The change is not sudden, as in the Bible narrative, but built up out of a number of small elements. For instance Rain falls, from dawn onwards, "the sky was leaden and a wind came in fitful gusts", and Eve is old and inconsolable. It is touchingly done, as is the first attack of the lion on the lamb and the first upsurge of human passion in Adam. But the new experiences are not all harsh. For the first time Eve becomes aware of the beauty of roses. "She put out her hand and plucked a rose. It was wide-opened and unabashed, and as she looked at it her thoughts were questioning: how will it be possible for Adam to overcome his shame when he discovers, despite my silence, the greatness of my love? For though he is happy to tell me of *his* love, if he should guess at the profundity of *mine* his pride would be offended."

The main narrative is in a simple, smooth prose, but this is changed to a sombre rhetoric in the few passages which may be described as interpretative. So the section after the eating of the fruit concludes: "the Eternal Fullness, as an invisible fire, exists throughout the infinity of the heavens, wherein the suns, created out of the light and creating again the light, measure their destined paths, balanced the one against the many. The worlds emerge and the apparent voids surrounding them. Pervading the infinity, as the light of the sun pervades the air, yet having no part with the fullness nor the emptiness, is Being, which is from the beginning, yet in expression is incomplete, ever yearning to make manifest that which remains unexpressed."

The volume, which is issued in a limited edition, conforms to all the Golden Cockerel Press tradition of fine book production. Particularly commendable are the eight wood-engravings by Clifford Webb. They have a great clarity of design, and their line and pattern suggests the touching quality of the theme. The figures of Adam and Eve are particularly well expressed, and somehow their loneliness and poignancy is conveyed. The volume has been designed by Christopher Sandford, composed in Cochin type, with Fry's Ornamental titling. Two hundred and sixty copies only are for sale, of which sixty are specially bound.

SIR B. IFOR EVANS

The Serpent's Presence. By Eurof Walters. With eight wood-engravings by Clifford Webb. (The Golden Cockerel Press).

THACKERAY

In the silly language of fashion, William Thackeray is very much *out*. My connection with the book trade assures me of the fact that, of all the great Victorian novelists, he is the least called-for. Indeed, the requests for his books are out-numbered by those for Sir Walter Scott's novels (whose common reputation shows signs of a pick-up). Concerning the opinion of the public and the critics, there is often an amusing discrepancy (Longfellow, for example, whose *Hiawatha* continues popular, being a case in point). But Everyman and Man Extraordinary—as we may take the critic to be—are in unusual concord over Thackeray; and it is partly to repudiate Professor Greig's assessment in *Thackeray: A Reconsideration* (published in 1950) that Professor Tillotson has written his book.

Too often, the champions of temporary "lost causes" approach their object with "reactionary" suppositions and an equipment sadly out of date. This is not so with Professor Tillotson: his apparatus for re-instatement has a keen contemporary look about it. Nor, on the whole, are the workings of this machinery too complex for the layman; his theories of novelistic style and structure being usefully helped out by a wealth of quotation from Thackeray's text (an element of service in itself to many a reader under forty to-day).

Professor Tillotson begins by defining "the Thackerayan oneness" of the novelist's work, which he finds to consist in a geographical and "dynastic" unity (a tract of space, geneology, and time, stretching from the reign of James II to the middle of the nineteenth century, and embracing England, Paris, Baden-Baden, and North America, chiefly Virginia). Professor Tillotson next proceeds to describe the kindred lay-out of his author's work. "Instead of design," he writes, "Thackeray's novels give us continuity." This is both well said and expressed. It explains the lack of formal plot (that time-without-end sense which Thackeray induces), and also the feeling of vanity, of human foolishness continuously repeating its passionate stupidities without a stop. In another perceptive phrase, Professor Tillotson speaks of "the bufferless endings" of these novels.

And so we travel on through this analytical essay, alighting on point after point of value to us. Then, suddenly, we are in the thick of it: the loud and vexed issue of Thackeray's "commentary"—the novelistic sermons of "a sort of lay preacher," as Taine called him. And here it is that Professor Tillotson takes on Thackeray's first and late opponents: those like William Caldwell Roscoe—his earliest serious appreciator—who maintained that moral commentary was proper to novels, but that in Thackeray's instance it was defective through "the total absence of what we usually call ideas"; and those post-Jamesian critics, who regard authorial commentary in fiction as a gross aesthetic intrusion and flaw.

Speaking of Thackeray's "personal appearance" (sometimes wearing half-disguise) in this aspect of his work, Professor Tillotson boldly argues that "he is the critic of everything." His statement certainly runs counter to what most of us discover in these "half-meditative, half-emotional harangues" (as Roscoe terms them) of a writer who, like his own Pendennis, was not—so far as opinions go—in Fitzjames Stephen's words, "very anything." Professor Tillotson might have done well to enter his defence for Thackeray on his many thoughtful points excepting this. For myself, I find it difficult to believe that the Thackerayan "commentary," in all its monotonous obviousness, can ever find favour or function again outside of the Sunday-school—to whose purpose, I say with reverence, it is not entirely unsuited.

DEREK STANFORD

Thackeray the Novelist. By Geoffrey Tillotson. University Press. 22s. 6d.

RUDOLF HESS

Prisoner of Peace (Britons Publishing Co., 15s.) tells the story of the flight to England of Rudolf Hess in 1941 and the subsequent years of imprisonment in Great Britain, Nuremberg and Spandau. No life of the least contemptible of the Nazi leaders has appeared, and this little volume, compiled by his devoted wife from his correspondence, makes no claim to a biography. Its object, as she explains in a brief Preface dated September, 1952, is to soften the hearts of "those who still keep my husband in prison." The volume is commended in a Foreword by Air-Commodore Oddie as "a very human story of a man who, while holding an important position of trust, is driven by an inner urge and guided by his own code of honour to undertake a secret and personal peace mission which he believed to have the undeclared approval of his chief." Here at last is the story of this curious episode told from the German side, and two points of interest emerge. Firstly, the flight was no sudden resolve but the execution of a plan meticulously prepared over many weeks and concealed even from his wife, who believed he was meditating a visit to Pétain. Secondly, the manifestations of mental disturbance, above all loss of memory, of which we heard so much, were merely a ruse which deceived his doctors and were apparently intended to facilitate his release. The letters which form

the largest portion of the book breathe fierce resentment at his detention after what he regarded as a humanitarian attempt to end the war. But the decision to keep him in custody saved his life, for the Führer's deputy would surely have gone to the scaffold in company with his old associates if he had returned to Germany and shared in the responsibility for all the devilish atrocities perpetrated by his adored Führer. That he was a good son, a good husband and a good father; that, unlike Göring, Goebbels and Himmler, he wanted nothing for himself; that he was ready to die for the master whom he salutes as "the greatest son to whom my people has given birth for a thousand years": all this is clear enough. "I regret nothing. If I was now at the beginning of my career I would act again in the same way even if I knew that I should be burnt at the stake." That he never helped to make policy we already know, but there is no hint in these pages that he disapproved the action of his master in setting the world alight and slaughtering millions of Jews in cold blood. The Jews are not once mentioned in these naive pages. Though this sincere fanatic remains completely blind to the enormity of the crimes of the Nazi leaders, that is no reason why he should spend the rest of his life in prison. Now that his demigod has disappeared, it is unlikely that he would ever find another wicked superman to serve, and he lacks all the qualities needed to be a Führer himself.

G. P. GOOCH.

A NEW PATTERN FOR MAN'S FUTURE

Both these books are American and both look ahead. They have little else in common. Mr. Bromfield is concerned with the fairly short run. The world he sees as a place of turmoil in which there can be no lasting peace or security without major economic and social adjustments that can only be achieved by creating in its different areas dynamic and wealth-creating American capitalism. One can get some idea of the author's general outlook from the index in which one finds, under Great Britain, impossible to rehabilitate, liquidation of Empire, disaster of Socialism in imperialist wars, hierarchical system under United Nations, failure and futility of, mischief-making capacity. The book is opened by an anthology of quotations, as we are told: "Marked While Engaged in the Lost Art of Reading." The selection is revealing for it suggests that the Art has been regained mainly through the media of *Time*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The New Leader*, and *The Freeman*. Indeed the book is larded with quotations, some of which left me wondering whether my leg was not being pulled and the whole thing was not an over-subtle piece of political satire. I am still not sure.

Mr. Harrison Brown is much more readable. He is a geo-chemist, whatever that may be, and his book is teeming with cheerful facts about the future material resources of the world. He sets out to answer the kind of question that is so often vigorously discussed on inadequate information. If the world population continues to grow and our natural resources continue to be consumed, what are the prospects of survival? On the whole he is less cataclysmic than one might have expected. It is nice to know that if we are content to live on the products of algae farms and yeast factories, "a world population of 50 billion persons could eventually be supported comfortably from the point of view of nutritional requirements." But as the author wisely reminds us, "incorporation of algae-based foods into culture patterns would probably come slowly except in areas such as Japan, where they would be no novelty." This reviewer's culture pattern will continue to be centred on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Fossil fuels may well be exhausted over the next thousand years. The ultimate hope may not be in atomic energy for "even the amount of uranium- and thorium-

bearing rock on the earth's surface is not infinite." Eventually we will become "almost completely dependent on solar power." The sun's rays will be trapped by glass and focussed through mirrors and converted into steam or electric power.

Mr. Harrison Brown is a scientist and like so many scientists would be wiser to avoid economic and sociological questions. He provides a readable and balanced survey of available knowledge about the future. That in itself is a valuable service and enough for any man to try. He is on less sure ground in endeavouring to picture the kind of society towards which we are moving. It will be unstable inasmuch as only by careful planning and husbanding of resources will it be possible to keep alive a rapidly expanding population. A war would blow the whole structure sky-high. It will involve enormous capital investment and strict control. "It seems clear that the first major penalty man will have to pay for his rapid consumption of the earth's non-renewable resources will be that of having to live in a world where his thoughts and actions are ever more strongly limited, where social organization has become all-pervasive, complex and inflexible and where the State completely dominates the actions of the individual."

The alternative is population control by the skilled application of contraceptives. Only that way can we retain our Yorkshire pudding. But this requires more detailed and careful examination than the author either does or can be expected to give it.

J. E. MACCOLL.

A New Pattern for a Tired World. By Louis Bromfield. Cassell. 16s.

The Challenge of Man's Future. By Harrison Brown. Secker & Warburg. 21s.

THE HOUSE OF UNILEVER

Quantities of nonsense have been written about big business. At one time it was fashionable to see in the big *entrepreneur* the benefactor of mankind working for the common good even when he was most closely concerned with his own pocket. More recently it has become a sign of realistic modernism to see in him the passive instrument of economic forces, a person at the same time void of ethical content and yet intrinsically evil. Mr. Wilson has avoided the absurdity of these extremes. In depicting W. H. Lever, first Lord Leverhulme, he has achieved a mean; he has drawn the portrait of a man immersed in the economic medium of his age, and at the same time exerting a profound formative influence upon it.

It is a fascinating picture. Certain qualities can, of course, be taken for granted. The standard virtues of hard work, exactitude, grasp of business—these are obviously essential for the building up of any great concern. (Lever was admittedly a reader of Smiles.) But though these qualities are essential they are irrelevant in the sense that a man cannot endow himself with them merely by taking thought or by reading the appropriate handbook; in practice the industrious apprentice is likely to remain an underling. And it is significant that Lever's own reading was vast and voracious; he had an imagination like the Jew of Malta. Nor was he a wholly self-made man; he was born into a fairly comfortable business, and his father could allow him £800 a year before he was out of his twenties—a fantastic salary in the later Victorian era.

To this extent he was unlike Shaw's Andrew Undershaft, the classical self-made man; yet there are resemblances between the two which make one wonder whether Shaw had his eye on Lever when he was writing *Major Barbara*. The essence of the great *entrepreneur* does not lie in what he reads or even in what he achieves; it lies in what he is. He must not only feel that he is, but must be a master. Hence Lever's instinctive paternalism, which he shared with Undershaft. No doubt there were utilitarian considerations; no doubt Lever felt—

or rather realized, for the facts were around him to be seen—that a well-treated employee is a good employee. But there was something more to it than that. Lever felt that his workpeople were, in a peculiar sense, his flock. Accordingly it was not surprising that Port Sunlight was, as one observer wrote, “dominated by the spirit of soap”; for “soap” read “Lever”. Nor is it strange that the system had no more than a qualified success. Much as people like security, they do not like Big Brother (or Big Father) to be everlastingly watching over them. It is interesting to note that profit-sharing proved less effective as a bond than did a system of pensions and insurance. People do not want their fortunes to be too closely or obviously bound up with those of the firm.

But Mr. Wilson's book is much more than the study of a single personality. Its longer and less dramatic sections, which deal with the gradual transformation of what began as a one-man show into a great corporation are perhaps more important, and are certainly more relevant to current problems. The process is described, not in terms of economic determinism (one rejoices to believe that Mr. Wilson is not greatly interested in so rigid a formula) but with a clarity and cogency which speak for themselves.

The great modern problems emerge—questions of organization, of management, of the machinery of administration. These issues are important not merely for the student of business methods; they are in essence questions of government. And indeed, as we shut the book, we realize how close is the affinity between modern government and modern big business. Many national questions would fall into perspective once it was realized that they were essentially questions of management. And this realization should act as an antidote to the disease of political emotionalism.

This is an admirable work, erudite and light of touch, a pioneering study yet perfectly balanced. It is equally valuable as the portrait of an adventurous personality, as a survey of an economic revolution, and as an exercise in what may be called political morphology—the study of the real function, behind the label, of a given political organism.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

The History of Unilever. By Charles Wilson. Cassell. 2 vols. 45s.

REFORMING JAPAN

When, only a year after Japan's downfall, General MacArthur announced that she “had experienced a spiritual revolution . . . a convulsion unparalleled in world history,” there were ironical smiles by all who knew of the rigid *concordia ordinum* that had governed Japanese life for 2,000 years. As one who already knew Japan well and worked in the inner circles of the Occupation, Mr. Wildes now shows its egregious mistakes. Apart from the delusion that the Japanese had only to be presented with “the American way of life” (the details of which were a complete mystery to them) in order to adopt it rapturously, many of the “top brass” were unfit for their positions. General Whitney, General MacArthur's No. 2, is described as “choleric and extremely sensitive, suspicious that everyone was plotting to undermine MacArthur and himself.” Trained advisers sent out by Washington were ignored. Insane jealousy between the heads of sections stultified action. And General MacArthur never emerged from his eyrie in the Dai Ichi Building to become acquainted with the Japanese people and the practicability of the directives he issued on scanty, often erroneous information.

These are hard words but the copious evidence adduced by Mr. Wildes cannot be lightly dismissed. The Local Autonomy Law is an instructive example of the failure to impose “de-mok-re-sie” from above. Unwieldy local councils of elected and paid members were set up even in the villages, with full powers to legislate and spend money. In two years, besides general un-

workability, the expenses of local government had multiplied from nine to 28 times and most of the councils were bankrupt. The decentralization of the police was equally disastrous: too often it only meant the transfer of power to gangster bosses.

American influence in drafting the Constitution was always obvious. Now for the first time (so far as this writer knows) one learns that it was actually written by Americans under General Whitney's orders in one week. It gave the Diet great opportunities by declaring it the highest organ of State. But Japanese Diets, composed less of parties than groups about leaders continually changing shape and allegiance, were never conspicuous for sense and they threw away their chances. Mr. Wildes' criticisms of Mr. Yoshida seem over-severe. The skill with which, between MacArthurian dictatorship and the fecklessness of the Diet, he has steered his ruined country back to order and the dawn of prosperity will surely rank high in history.

The harrowing state of Japanese cities in 1945 (the atom bomb did far less harm to Hiroshima and Nagasaki than ordinary bombs to Tokyo and Osaka); the senseless recklessness of the purge; the amazing story of the rise and (through their own stupidity) fall of the Communists; all this is excellent reading. Oddly enough, there is no mention of the abolition of State Shintoism.

As long foreseen, Japan has largely reverted to her old ways, the reforms of the Occupation are no more. Yet something remains; windows have been opened; the Japanese have always been zealous to learn from abroad; Mr. Wildes can see many signs of renaissance and an honest desire for reform. Let this, too, be remembered for the Americans' credit—they have poured out money like water for Japan's benefit, as for many others, with unheard of generosity. Nothing is sadder than that too often they have reaped only suspicion, even hostility.

O. M. GREEN.

Typhoon in Tokyo. By Harry Emerson Wildes. George Allen & Unwin. 215.

THE MIND OF THE INVISIBLE

These studies of Kierkegaard and Steiner inspire grave reflections on the inadequacy of man's intellectual capacities. The question has been seriously raised by many thinkers in our time of crisis as to whether man is in fact capable of solving the problems raised by large-scale human aggregations, and when one considers the solutions offered by men of undoubted genius like Kierkegaard and Steiner, one's doubts are certainly not diminished.

Steiner claimed to provide a body of "spiritual science", a knowledge of supersensible reality as verifiable by reason as any other fact of science. Yet when one considers the "knowledge" that he offered as being scientifically attested, one is led to wonder at the credulity which can be combined in the mind of man with great intellectual gifts. Not only is reincarnation offered to us as scientifically proved, but we are provided with a mass of extraordinary detail about the process of reincarnation. The soul, we are told, incarnates twice in each great period of soul-evolution, once as a man and once as a woman, an incarnation taking place about once every thousand years, and information is given on the activities of the soul between its incarnations. Steiner tells us of a development of spirit-faculties by which past events can be re-experienced so that to know the past one has no need of the laborious process of historical research. Thus Steiner's doctrine of evolution, by being based on a direct experience of the past, can claim to override the tentative hypotheses offered us by biological science. We are told that at an earlier evolutionary phase man possessed clairvoyant perception of the past so that the need for written records did not exist, that still to-day "mystery-initiates" can recover the past, and that the authenticity of the Gospel records is certain because the authors of the

Gospels were capable of a clairvoyant recovery of the years they spent with Jesus. Let those believe Steiner who can, but his claim that the knowledge that he offers is in any significant sense "scientific" seems to me itself pre-scientific, showing a failure as it does to understand what the scientist means by verification.

Steiner was cut out by temperament to be the founder of a cult. The thought of Kierkegaard was on an entirely different and higher intellectual level. Kierkegaard was a profound and original thinker who has made a significant impact on western philosophy and on Christian thought. His attack on Hegel struck the death-knell of philosophical idealism of the Hegelian pattern. Since Kierkegaard only three forms of thinking can any longer claim serious consideration: analytical logic, concerned with the internal relations of symbolic systems, scientific thought based on hypotheses verified by sense observation, and existential thinking, consisting of reflections on the human condition founded on the experience and choice of personal existents. Thus to-day critical philosophy and logical analysis, on the one hand, and existentialism, on the other, are the only two significant philosophical trends, and there is an increasing recognition that they are complementary not antithetical. Kierkegaard was not a systematic philosopher but his brilliant discoveries have led to important philosophical developments. He was also, like Pascal, a religious genius who cannot fail to continue to be an inspirer of men.

Yet in general Kierkegaard is hardly more acceptable as an intellectual guide than Steiner. If his dominant beliefs were existential, they were also neurotic, and the impulse which led him to throw reason overboard and accept, by the leap of faith, beliefs that were "an offence" to reason was neurotic. Mr. Collins, writing as a Thomist, recognizes how dangerous to Christianity itself is any form of thinking which founds belief, as Kierkegaard did and as much Protestant Christianity has done after him, not on reason, but on a subjective response. Belief founded on mere faith, on a subjective response, is liable at any time to be overthrown by some new and different response.

In his final critical survey of Kierkegaard, Mr. Collins writes persuasively from the Thomist standpoint on the relation between faith and reason, endeavouring to show how indispensable a foundation in reason is to the Christian faith. Yet I would hold that Thomism, like most of the doctrines that divide man in our age of spiritual confusion, is not without its characteristic illusion, in this case the belief that formal reasoning alone can demonstrate the existence and attributes of God, as well as of the angels. There is no escape from the intellectual confusion and inadequacy of contemporary thought in that belief in the infallibility of the Aristotelian logical categories on which Thomism relies.

Mr. Shepherd's book on Steiner is informative and gives a clear outline of the anthroposophical doctrine and movement which Steiner founded. But he is a single-minded devotee and one would look in vain in his work for any genuinely critical assessment of Steiner. Mr. Collins' book is much more valuable and makes a genuine contribution to the understanding of Kierkegaard's thought. But I would describe the thought of Steiner and Kierkegaard, as of Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Collins, as "pre-Copernican", in the sense that it has not been influenced by that Copernican revolution in philosophy which has taken place through the development of critical philosophy and existentialism, though Kierkegaard himself laid the foundations of it. Unless man is to continue to be misled, probably with consequences fatal to himself and his species, by false and pretentious doctrines and systems, he must refurbish his logical tools, and this has been the main task which critical philosophy in particular has taken in hand in our time.

J. B. COATES.

The Mind of Kierkegaard. By James Collins. Secker & Warburg. 18s.

A Scientist of the Invisible. By A. P. Shepherd. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF CHIOS

The storied past of the island of Chios belongs to history, myth and legend; it is part of the classical world and one of the places visited in luxury cruises of the Mediterranean. We are apt to forget that history did not end there then. The western world had much later impacts with the Middle Sea, from the day when an English peer could have the Elgin marbles shipped off from the Parthenon to the contemporary spectacle of United States warships patrolling the Bosphorus. What is now called an "objective" policy has never been able to ignore the Eastern Mediterranean, the Greek islands and the prize of history that lay beyond, Byzantium, which became Constantinople and is now Istanbul.

Centrally in the modern history of the Greek islands comes the period covered by these volumes—from Elizabeth's time to Queen Victoria's. The year 1841 brings us to the threshold of the Crimean War, of which we have had many centenary reminders. The modern story of Chios, as summarized by Dr. Argenti, includes its occupation by the Turks in 1566, the Florentine expedition of 1599, the Venetian occupation of 1694, the expedition of Colonel Fabvier in 1827 and the occupation by Greece in 1912. The present volumes do not cover these events. They do however cover the greater part of the Turkish period and their value as social documents gains rather than otherwise from ignoring purely political matters. Thus one group of documents covers eye-witnesses' descriptions of Chios; another deals with trade, a third with engagements in Chian waters between Venetians, French, Russians and Turks. A fourth series has the superficial aridity of obsolete controversy, for it deals with the interminable quarrels between the Orthodox and Roman Churches. Beneath the forbidding surface lies however a rich soil for archaeological research. The sites of ancient churches and other topographical material await examination. Greek scholars are already aware of these possibilities.

In spite of the violent hostility of the creeds, many mixed marriages took place between Orthodox and Catholic, and occasionally the same building was used by both rites simultaneously. These are small buildings and had two parallel vaulted naves. At the end of one nave was an *ikonostasion* and of the other an open altar approached by steps. Dr. Argenti suggests that these buildings were originally private chapels belonging to families in which there had been mixed marriages. Possibly the nearest parallel in the west is the church of Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, with one nave for the nuns and one for the parishioners. We can produce, as in Germany, many examples of Catholics and Protestants worshipping in the same church, divided by a wall; and one in England, at Arundel. The newest English Cathedral, Coventry, is to provide for alternative, but not simultaneous worship under a single roof.

The west may have fewer lessons in tolerance to teach the east than it supposes; the history of Chios provides illustrations of intolerant cupidity in the past. The vandalism of the Crusaders is still to be seen in the scars of ancient Byzantium; and after the expulsion of the Genoese from Chios in 1566 the Christian States sent their fleets to the Archipelago on the pretext of protecting them against the infidel. If this species of protection appears something of an anachronism in the present day, there seem to be other fraternal opportunities.

W. THOMSON HILL.

Diplomatic Archive of Chios, 1577-1841. By Philip P. Argenti. Cambridge University Press. 2 vols. £10 10s.

EAST-WEST IN LITERATURE

After thirty-five years on the staff of Columbia University teaching courses in English Comparative Literature Dr. Brewster has traced with great skill the penetration of Russian literature into the world of Anglo-American Letters. Her study is based on solid foundations. The process of penetration seems

at times not a continuous process but a succession of accidents political, social and economic. The starting point is the discovery of Muscovy in 1543 by Richard Chancellor, when trade in the Levant was obstructed. The advancement of learning about Russia in the XVII and XVIII centuries is far from negligible. The Crimean War and the Civil War engender hostility here and friendship in America. The third and fourth Chapter describe in numerous well chosen extracts the interplay of Art and Politics. In chapter 5 and 6 for the period from 1890 and 1905 the Americans are contrasted with the English attitudes. New facets are discovered when "the Sphinx begins to talk" (the First Duma), and "the Russian Soul" enlists the interest of ever more writers and critics of importance. Russia from a Curiosity Shop becomes a sort of intellectual and psychological power station, at least for a section of the public. The First Part of the book is convincing and instructive as well as interesting.

There are, however, two Russias, or even three if with the author one includes the U.S.S.R. All three are at work in the minds of the Anglo-American public and the man in the street. She concentrates naturally upon that section of writers, critics and readers which in the past fifty years has been accessible to Russian literary production in its various forms, and to the Russian influence described in the second part of this book. For the greater number everything Russian has remained beyond the pale. The acceptance by the English public, with the support of serious critics in 1954, of the Marquis de Custine's *Russia*, condemned as an inferior libel by the *Quarterly Review* as far back as 1844 in a detailed review, is a case in point. Miss Brewster, with the collector's experienced eye, almost ignores the ocean of ignorance, contempt and even disgust and discovers and classifies, like Edmund Gosse's father, the radiant efflorescence of literary and political anemones.

In part two the "Russian Influence", i.e. the influence of the Third Russia, widens into a world outlook with the corresponding social criticism. The Russian influence on English writing, the author insists, is the influence of Soviet practice in politics, economics and especially in art. The last fifty pages offer a rich material for the understanding of these modern currents not easily accessible to the general reader. In her conclusion the author, as if overwhelmed by the picture of Soviet influence she has revealed, seizes the olive branch of humanism. But behind this term, like behind the word Philosophy and even Religion, there is not necessarily the mildness of charity. They all have served and will serve, owing to human ingenuity or to the mysterious forces of life, in some other directions. Yet in the beginning was the Word.

DR. A. MEYENDORFF.

East-West Passage. A Study in Literary Relationships. By Dorothy Brewster. Allen & Unwin. 25s.

• • • • •

The Spanish School, by H. Schmidt Degener, edited for English Readers by William Gaunt (English Universities Press, 10s. 6d.), supplies a brief and authoritative summary of the great Spanish painters who have filled the world with their fame. To El Greco and Velasquez, who are numbered among the Immortals, he adds Goya, the only genius of the last three centuries. To some readers it may be a slight shock that Murillo is dismissed in a few lines on the ground that his religious pictures are too sugary, though his studies of street urchins receive the praise they deserve. The coloured illustrations are superb and the plain ones are numerous and well chosen. The whole volume is a feast.

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